The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1932 No. 3497

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 19
EDITORIALS:
Roosevelt Wins! 22
The Two Platforms 23
"Take Away the Army" 24
A Forgotten Poet 24
CARTOON: "HAVE ONE ON ME." By Edmund Duffy 25
THE DEMOCRATIC TROUGH AT CHICAGO. By Oswald Garrison Villard 26
THE MILWAUKEE MIRACLE. By Mauritz A. Hallgren 28
CHARITY AND THE STATE. By Robert Briffault 30
GETTING OUT OF CENTRAL AMERICA. By Raymond Leslie Buell 32
THE ARTIST IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By Louis Lozowick 35
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 36
CORRESPONDENCE 36
FINANCE: HOW GERMANY MAY PAY. By S. Palmer Harman 38
BOOKS AND ARCHITECTURE:
Last Hour. By Leslie Nelson Jennings 39
Germany. By Oswald Garrison Villard 39
A Modern Novelist. By Clifton Fadiman 40
A Victorian Sundial. By Horace Gregory 41
Have-nots and Know-nots. By V. F. Calverton 42
The Essential Issue. By William Seagle 42
The Nationalist Spirit. By William MacDonald 43
Shorter Notices 43
Architecture: Dishes to Break. By Douglas Haskell 44
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 44

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DEVERE ALLEN

Dramatic Editor JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Literary Editor HENRY HAZLITT

Contributing Editors

HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

MURIEL C. GRAY, Advertising Manager

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, $6.50; and to other foreign countries, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

AT LAUSANNE the European Powers appear to be engaged in a sort of kindergarten game. Each delegation seems to be trying to see how close it can come to the central problem without actually touching it. Excepting Italy not one of the delegations, not even the German, has yet dared to demand that the financial slate be wiped clean. The Italians courageously enough, though surely with an eye to the fact that they owe much more than they are owed, have urged that "cancelation be applied equally to all European Powers, creditors and debtors, of reparations and war debts." The Italian attitude stands out in marked contrast to that of the other delegations, who have talked in whispers when mentioning the debt to the United States. The creditor nations, those, that is, which have been receiving reparations but which at the same time owe money to us, want to make the final Lausanne settlement contingent upon our attitude. If we agree to cancel the war debt, they will be more lenient with Germany; if not, Germany will be asked to pay, after an extended moratorium period, the sum of approximately $1,000,000,000 disguised as "a contribution to European reconstruction." The Germans are wise in rejecting this proposal, for its adoption would keep alive that uncertainty which is now doing so much to impede a return to normal economic and financial relationships. And in the meantime the United States, by its official silence and by such devices as the anti-cancelation plank in the Democratic platform, continues to make the situation still worse.

IT IS DIFFICULT to see just what the Progressives of the Senate find so attractive in the Presidential candidacy of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The attitude of the Democratic Progressives is at least understandable; they are supporting the candidate of their party. But what of the Republicans, Senators Norris, Johnson, Frazier, and the others who have either openly come out for Roosevelt or are flirting with the idea? Can it be that the magic name of Roosevelt still has such an appeal that otherwise level-headed Senators are being misled by the name into believing that the current Roosevelt is another aggressive "friend of the common people"? Or are these Senators so disgusted with Herbert Hoover that they feel anyone else in the White House would be better than the present Chief Executive? This tendency of the Washington Progressives to bolt their party ticket is another manifestation of their political weakness. If they were a compact, well-disciplined group they could exercise considerable influence over the policies of that party. Such were the tactics followed by the elder La Follette. It is noteworthy that his son appears to be following the same course. If they feel that the Republican Party is not the place for them they ought in all honesty to get out of it, and either join the Democratic Party or form a progressive or liberal party of their own. As it is, they are merely shooting blindly into the wind. Their shifting and wavering will be of little help to the Roosevelt candidacy.

FEW MEASURES could have been more disheartening and essentially farcical than the economy bill finally signed by the President. It was adopted after endless bickering and recriminations, not only between individual Congressmen, but between Congress and the President and between the Senate and the House. What has finally emerged is a measure under which it is hopefully estimated that about $150,000,000 a year will be saved. The essential insignificance of this amount becomes clear when it is compared with the deficit of $3,788,000,000 reported by Mr. Mills for the fiscal year. Mr. Hoover in signing the bill professed only "limited satisfaction" with it, but he himself had refused the repeated requests of Senator Robinson to say specifically where the larger economies he originally demanded should be made. The President refused to consider every proposal of a salary cut, even though the cuts proposed exempted the smaller salaries and were considerably less than the reduction in the cost of living in recent years. He insisted instead on his "furlough" plan, under which federal employees are obliged to take the equivalent of a month's vacation without pay. This does reduce the government's pay roll, but it is an illogical method of doing it in view of the type of problem that the government faces. The economies are called for not because the government's "volume of business" has fallen off, but because tax receipts to pay salaries have shrunk with the shrinkage of the income of the taxpayers. This shrinkage is partly the result of a stagnation in general business, which may be assumed to be temporary, and partly the result of a world collapse in price levels, which may be assumed to be of a comparatively

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

permanent nature. Yet the furlough plan is an essentially temporary device to meet this permanent change.

AFTER ALL the ballyhoo of the President's anti-hoarding campaign, in which repeated efforts were made to bully confidence into returning, Washington is obliged to confess that all the gains made in the anti-hoarding drive which was started early in February have now been wiped out. In the week ending June 29 the volume of currency in circulation had to be increased $144,000,000, chiefly to meet the demands caused by the panicky run on Chicago banks. The President is entirely right in his assumption that the chief need at present is the restoration of confidence; he is entirely wrong in the methods by which he hopes to restore it. Loss of confidence, as it is necessary to insist as long as the President continues not to recognize the fact, is the symptom, not the disease. Confidence is a thermometer which responds to the conditions in which it finds itself. It is futile to attempt to deal with it directly. It will not be restored until the statesmen of the world, including our own in particular, show the intelligence and the courage at least to reverse the tragically stupid international economic policies which have done more than anything else to undermine it.

MR. HOOVER'S amazing disarmament proposal, which we discussed at some length last week, has encountered the anticipated opposition abroad. In keeping with the new Mussolini-Grandi peace policy Italy has, of course, unqualifiedly indorsed the Hoover plan, and England likewise has signified its approval, although Sir John Simon, the Foreign Secretary, has been rather reluctant to discuss frankly the English position. France has been hesitating, as was expected. The civilian element in the Herriot Government is disposed to use the Hoover proposal as a basis for negotiations, but the French General Staff will have none of the plan. However, the most serious and most significant opposition comes from Japan. In its present warlike mood Tokio is quite unlikely to consider any suggestion looking toward reduction of its own armaments. And because of the various insincere provisions of the Hoover plan, which would cut armies and navies in other countries while leaving our own with plenty of room in which to expand, the Japanese find themselves in an excellent position to combat that plan. The Japanese contend that the proposed one-third reduction in the size of the various navies would upset the 5-5-3 ratio between America, England, and Japan agreed upon at the Washington conference. If the plan is pressed, Tokio will no doubt insist upon having the entire naval-ratio question reopened. In that case, instead of proving a forward step, we shall find that the Hoover gesture has actually dragged us back to 1922.

AGAIN WE ARE READING headlines declaring that "Disease Stalks Hungry Bonus Army." The responsibility for this lies not with the war veterans, but with the authorities in Washington. These former soldiers are in the national capital to exercise a constitutional right, the right of petition, which can be denied them neither by Congress nor by the police of Washington, the servants of Congress. Only in the event that the bonus marchers violate a police ordinance or other law can the authorities proceed against them, but such procedure must be in accordance with law. The Washington authorities know this. Hence they have adopted other methods in trying to discourage the men. They have virtually compelled them to set up their principal camp on the low-lying and unhealthy Anacostia flats, although more sanitary grounds are available in the immediate vicinity. There can be little wonder that disease has broken out among the veterans, and we see the police attempting to use this as a lever to get rid of them. We are as much opposed to the bonus as ever. We see in the presence of the veterans in the national capital a possible cause of serious disturbances. Nevertheless, we believe that they are in Washington on no unlawful mission. They must be supported in their constitutional rights. And the authorities of Washington are bound by every moral principle to see that these men, not as petitioners, but as victims of our maladjusted economic system, are provided with food and decent shelter. This the state owes every one of its destitute.

PLANS OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT of Manchukuo to seize the customs receipts collected at Dairen have brought strong protests from England, France and the United States. These protests, at least so far as this country is concerned, were inevitable. The whole of China is under a single customs administration. This fact in a very definite sense symbolizes the political integrity of that country. If Washington were to recognize the asserted right of the new government to collect the customs, it would in fact be recognizing the separation of Manchuria from China proper. But the United States has long contended that Manchuria was an integral part of China. Moreover, in his note of January 7 Secretary of State Stimson flatly declared that this country could not recognize any action taken by Japan in Manchuria which violated the Nine-Power Treaty or the Kellogg Pact, and since then the United States has steadfastly refused to acknowledge the existence of an independent state in Manchuria. It is interesting to note that the customs protests were addressed to Tokio, for this is in line with Mr. Stimson's plan to hold Japan accountable for its aggression against China in Manchuria. Even more interesting is the fact that Great Britain and France delivered similar protests. This indicates that they will hereafter support the new Stimson policy as suggested in the American note of January 7.

EVEN A SMALL VOICE of dissent against the tariff war is worth noting. In Europe in the last few years little if any protest against the ever-growing trade barriers has been heard. France has been foremost among the European countries in smothering international trade by one means or another, primarily through the constant juggling of its irrational and irritating quota system. And at this distance France has appeared virtually unanimous in supporting the government's program. Now, however, an increasing number of complaints against the French tariff and quota arrangement are being lodged with the government by the interests which are always the first to feel the inevitable consequences of a trade war. The exporting firms of that country, according to dispatches from Paris, declare that French industry "is in deadly peril" as a result of the drastic decline in foreign trade. They report that "the remarkable activity which brought prosperity to French ports and shipping, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made of Paris the universal city of art and luxury, is extinguished." This is but the natural result of a policy designed to "protect" home industries by uneconomic methods. Somehow or other, modern governments do not seem to understand that in their stupid endeavors to "protect" domestic industries they are simply choking to death the trade upon which the real protection of these industries depends. Let us hope that the French exporting houses will succeed at least in bringing their own government to its senses.

NINE DEAD and a dozen wounded make up the latest casualties in the private war which has been raging in Kentucky. Three of the killings occurred in Harlan County, when James Jones and the notorious gunman-deputy, Bill Randolph, were fired on by men in ambush, Jones being killed and Randolph wounded. Randolph thereupon summoned a group of his fellow-deputies to aid him, and while he was telling them his story, was shot dead by Clarence Middleton, described as a "storekeeper for a coal company." This was the signal for a general free-for-all, in which shots from ambush answered shots from deputies. Meanwhile in neighboring counties fights occurred in which indiscriminate deaths and gun-shot wounds were the results. Whether or not these were motivated by animosity between miners and deputies is not clear. Perhaps they were merely the time-honored Kentucky way of settling an argument. Randolph was a typical bad man with six notches on his gun. But his death, with that of the others, cannot fail to have an unfortunate effect on the trial of thirty Harlan County miners which is now going on. The fourth trial, that of F. M. Bratcher, owing to the sudden interest of one of the defense attorneys in the accused, resulted in a hung jury, eleven to one being in favor of acquittal. The prosecution was reported to be noticeably disconcerted thereby, but it has probably been very handsomely reinforced by the murder of one of the upholders of law and order.

AFTER EIGHT YEARS of service as assistant editor of the *New Leader,* the Socialist weekly published in New York, Edward Levinson has been summarily dismissed. Although the high-handed action of the *New Leader* management came after a period of increasing tension over Mr. Levinson's frank allegiance to the Norman Thomas and "militant" group within the party, the immediate occasion of it appears to have been an article written by Mr. Levinson on the Milwaukee convention, published in *The Nation* of June 8. This article reveals a lack of agreement between its author and the party Old Guard, and it frankly treats the lamentable issue of anti-Semitism that was dragged into the convention as having no basis in fact. That this has been hard on the patience of the veterans who mobilized behind the candidacy of Morris Hillquit for the chairmanship of the national executive committee cannot be doubted. The article was nevertheless an excellent piece of reporting and it has won commendation from numerous eyewitnesses of the convention proceedings. If the dismissal of Mr. Levinson had any shadow of justification, the subsequent behavior of the *New Leader* has not been calculated to win it many friends. It did not make public its act until pressure was brought; the fact that two such faithful writers as McAlister Coleman and Louis Stanley immediately resigned was not explained to its readers; and letters of protest from Coleman, Thomas, and others have not been printed, the paper disposing of the incident by declaring that the protests are based on "one-sided and inaccurate" information.

"PRISONS are supposed to reform men. Collins for nineteen years has been an exemplary citizen. What could be gained by returning him to finish his sentence?" The speaker is Governor Rolph of California; the Collins referred to is William Collins, an escaped convict, with twenty-three years of a twenty-five-year sentence for robbery to serve. Collins since his escape has found a good job, has married, and is the father of two children. Governor Rolph, in wishing to pardon him, made a very understandable humane gesture. But Collins is not only a fugitive from justice, he is a second offender, and the pardon will have to be granted by the Supreme Court of California, which, it is confidently hoped, will not refuse to allow it. It is hardly necessary to point out that this is the same Governor Rolph who categorically denied a pardon to another prisoner who has served fifteen years of a life sentence; and that it is the same Supreme Court which would not grant a pardon to another second offender who also has spent his decade and a half behind prison bars. In the Collins case there was no doubt of guilt; in the other two cases thousands of persons believe the prisoners innocent of the crime for which they are now in prison. What could be more convincing proof that Tom Mooney and Warren Billings are still incarcerated because they are regarded as dangerous characters, and not because they are believed to have committed a certain crime. If they had broken jail in 1920 and had shown themselves to be good little Republicans ever since, they might be free men today.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in eight years the windows in the British House of Lords have been thrown open, and fresh air has seeped into the domain of wig and woolsack. It was doubtless a tonic experience, yet for many on the outside as well as for the few who attend its sessions when there is nothing better to do, it must have come as something of a shock. The immediate excuse for this minor revolution was a heat wave which has recently been engulfing the region of the lower Thames, or so, at least, runs the official apology. We incline, however, to the view that there is something sinister about the episode which has not been fully revealed. Did we not read that almost simultaneously a member of the House of Commons, defying all tradition, strode brazenly into the sacred chamber wearing a straw hat on his head? Hitherto, the Briton has always been a little sentimental about the enemies of the state who penetrated the Houses of Parliament with their nefarious plots. The revered room behind St. Stephen's chapel where Guy Fawkes planted his vengeful gunpowder is still viewed with pride; the iron gratings to which ardent suffragettes chained themselves while shrieking for the ballot have been saved. But things can go too far. That worthy guardian of the past who still, upon the approach of a courier from the Lords, slides open a speakeasy-like window in the door to the Commons and cries with Cromwellian gusto, "I spy the King's messenger!" must redouble his vigilance. The final onslaught against parliamentary institutions may very well take on a perilous momentum if such significant beginnings of revolt as these go unrebuked.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roosevelt Wins!

ONCE more the Democratic Convention has proved how difficult it is to beat somebody with nobody. As was the case with Mr. Hoover at Kansas City four years ago, those who wished to "stop Roosevelt" failed because they could not unite upon a single candidate for whom they were willing to sink their differences for the sake of victory. So the Democratic Party puts forth not its best foot, but a very weak one. Even Governor Ritchie, we are sure, would have proved a stronger candidate than the Governor of New York, who has won the distinction of leading his party in this campaign by silence, evasion, and by playing cheap politics. After vainly trying to change the two-thirds rule and relinquishing the effort only when it became apparent that the Roosevelt forces were not strong enough; after a grueling all-night session pushed, at first, by the Governor's champions in hopes of reaching a decision through pure fatigue; after, in short, the usual political tricks, the usual political deal was effected whereby the Garner votes were switched in return for a promise of the Vice-Presidency, and the thing was done. As in the case of President Harding, it is an unearned honor that has gone to Franklin Roosevelt. Certainly no one would dare to assert that he achieved it by courage, by outspokenness, by leadership, by a passionate defense of the right of the American citizen to life and liberty. As for the Garner nomination, it is about as bad as could be. It is not only the result of a deliberate sale of the office; it is the selection of a man thoroughly unfit for the position.

We admit that the choice was not wide. We have already stated that had we been asked to name the man to lead the Democracy we should have been stumped—to such an extent has our political life been robbed by the boss system, the corruption of public life, the false emphasis placed upon financial success in our American life. But the fact is that both the chief contenders for the Presidency are weak men; neither deserves the honor which is bound to fall to one or the other of them. The Scripps-Howard newspapers told the truth when they refused to advocate Governor Roosevelt's nomination on the ground that "he is another Hoover"—beyond question a merited rebuke. So we are launched upon a campaign which gives to the American people no real choice. They probably cannot free themselves from the old bonds of party fealty, or rise above the fear of "throwing away their vote." It has been Tweedledum and Tweedledee before, but surely never so clearly and obviously as is the case today. We defy any dissenter to point out where the line of demarcation runs, what there is that separates these corrupt and cowardly parties from each other. Their berating each other is nothing but the pot calling the kettle black. There has not been a single vote since Congress convened last December upon which all the men of one faith were on one side, and all the men of the other faith were on the other. So we submit that so far as the future and the fortunes of the United States are concerned, they will go on in just the same old way whether Mr. Roosevelt wins or Mr. Hoover.

How incredible it seems! Whether we like it or not our fortunes are tied up with the fate of the rest of the world. We cannot cut the bonds today which Mr. Wilson placed upon us in that fatal hour when he called upon the country to enter the war. Yet neither party faces with frankness and honor the existing situation. Neither will admit that our much-vaunted prosperity and our boasted American system have gone down like a pack of cards. Neither party offers a program for reconstruction—for genuine reconstruction. We do not mean the bringing back of prosperity, we mean the reorganization of our governmental, our social, and our economic life, so that the control of their institutions shall be returned to the hands of the American people where it belongs, so that we shall have an end to the rule of big business, especially now that big business has revealed itself to be as utterly incompetent as it has been mercenary and gluttonous. Once more the choice is offered, not of measures, but of men; not of programs and policies, for these are not to be found on either side. Both parties are seeking to lure the voters into their camps, but not by promising radical reforms, the need of which cries to high heaven. We appeal to our readers not to be misled, not to play the politicians' game and thus aid them once more to impose their cowardice, their leaderlessness upon the American people. There is an alternative. It is to vote for an honorable, high-minded American, Norman Thomas, and not to let themselves be frightened from doing so by the parrot cry that they are wasting their votes, or that in voting for the Socialist Party they are voting for something sinister and foreign, aimed really at the destruction of the Republic. It is not those who declare that the joint heritage of the American people shall belong to the American people who are the enemies of the Republic!

As for Governor Roosevelt, we can only say of him once more what we have said of him so many times. He is honest, he is clean, he has occasionally shown leanings toward liberalism, though there is not a single case on record where he has exploded with just anger at the denial all over the country of the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution. He was willing to play the imperialist game under Woodrow Wilson in Haiti and elsewhere as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He believes in a great navy and a powerful army. He has been farsighted in his water-power policies within the State of New York, but he has yet to declare that he will carry on that policy in the wider field that will be his if he is elected. He has spoken of the "forgotten man," but nowhere is there a real, passionate, ringing exposition of just what it is that the forgotten man has been deprived of or what should be done for him. Governor Roosevelt has had during the past few months one of the most glorious opportunities that has ever come to a public man in America, and yet he has sat tongue-tied lest he say a few words that might alienate one section of the community. We respect him in his integrity, in the moral heroism that he has shown in the face of what would have been for most men a final physical disaster. But we can see in him no leader, and no evidence anywhere that he can rise to the needs of this extraordinary hour.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Two Platforms

IN an address before the Young Democratic clubs of Chicago President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago proposed a platform for the Democratic Party of five hundred words embodying what he called "the minimum program demanded by the present emergency." He urged that the platform should declare for leadership of the United States in disarmament "with or without the cooperation of other nations"; for a moratorium on war debts of not less than twenty years "with or without an international conference"; for the recognition of Russia; for downward revision of the tariff "with or without international conferences"; for assistance to the destitute and compulsory unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. Judged by this standard the platform actually adopted by the Democratic Party is far from admirable. Judged by the standard of the Republican platform, however, there is a great deal to be said for it.

We may begin with the prohibition plank, if only because that plank was, in the eyes of the delegates to both conventions, overwhelmingly the most important. Here the advantage is entirely with the Democrats. Their plank is clear, unequivocal, and outspoken almost to the point of rashness:

> We favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.
> To effect such repeal, we demand that the Congress immediately propose a constitutional amendment to truly representative conventions in the States, called to act solely on that proposal.

No one could ask for greater explicitness. Compare it with the Republican plank. When we have unwrapped layer after layer of woolly words, we find that the Republican platform does not even favor a forthright submission of the issue to the voters, as even the Democratic minority plank proposed. The Republican plank declares: "We do not favor a submission limited to the issue of retention or repeal." This means that the voters are not to be given even an honest chance to express their preferences. The Republican platform proposes, instead, that an amendment be submitted "which, while retaining in the federal government power to preserve the gains already made in dealing with the evils inherent in the liquor traffic, shall allow States to deal with the problem as their citizens may determine." Nobody can possibly know what this means. It is a clear self-contradiction. If the federal government really allows the States to deal with the problem as their citizens may determine, then surely it must relinquish the power "to preserve the gains already made"; if it retains that power, it cannot allow the States to deal with the problem "as their citizens may determine." It is doubtful if a more cheaply dishonest plank was ever embodied even in the Republican platform before. It cannot fail to disgust anyone who has any honest convictions on the subject.

On the all-important economic issues before the country the Democratic platform is considerably vaguer, though it is in most respects better than the Republican. The sharpest division is on tariff policy. The Democrats condemn the "prohibitive rates" of the Hawley-Smoot tariff and urge a "competitive tariff for revenue," calling for "reciprocal tariff agreements with other nations" and "an international economic conference designed to restore international trade and facilitate exchange." One would prefer a flat promise to revise rates substantially downward "with or without international conferences," but the present plank is at least much better than the 1928 Democratic plank; it signifies a return of the Democrats at least to lip service to one of their earlier principles, and it is immensely preferable to the Republican plank. That plank not only promises to do nothing to alleviate the disastrous Smoot-Hawley tariff, but threatens to place still further tariffs on agricultural products to "protect" the farmer, and to raise rates on the products of countries with depreciated currencies.

On the question of war debts it might be argued that the Republican platform is better than the Democratic, for it at least says nothing about them, while the Democrats "oppose cancelation" and make no mention either of a moratorium or a reduction. On monetary questions the platforms are rather similar. The Democrats favor a "sound currency to be preserved at all hazards," without indicating what in their opinion constitutes a sound currency. Immediately thereafter they demand an international monetary conference to "consider the rehabilitation of silver." It is difficult to see how silver could be "rehabilitated" without bimetallism. The Republicans come out flatly for "the gold standard" and oppose "relief by currency inflation" as "unsound in principle and dishonest in results." Nevertheless, they too want an "international conference to consider matters relating to monetary questions, including the position of silver." One can only assume that neither party has any clear idea regarding what such a conference would achieve, and that these planks are intended rather as harmless sops to the silver States than as serious gestures.

On many questions the two platforms are hardly distinguishable. Both favor our entrance into the World Court; both give vague support to armament reduction; both wish the farmer well, and favor "cooperation." About all the Republicans have to offer the farmer in addition to this is more "tariff protection," while the Democrats vaguely urge "effective control of crop surpluses." Both parties, of course, favor government "economy," though the Democrats are slightly more specific here in calling for "a saving of not less than 25 per cent in the cost of the federal government," and in hinting that "generosity" to war veterans should be limited to those who have "suffered disability or disease caused by or resulting from actual service in time of war." The Democrats show concern for the regulation of holding companies, the federal control of utilities, and the correction of stock-market abuses, where the Republicans are practically silent. Finally, though both parties are cagy in indicating the amount of unemployment relief they would favor, the Democrats have placed themselves on record as favoring "unemployment and old-age insurance, under State laws." This is an admirable step forward which has attracted less attention than it deserves. The Democrats are to be congratulated on having said more in 1,400 words than the Republicans in 9,000.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Take Away the Army"

CAMILLE ROMBAUT, a French war resister, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment for refusal to perform military service. His trial at the ancient fortress of Lille was spectacular and received publicity throughout Europe, the hundreds of protests evidencing the recent growth in the war-resistance movement. M. Rombaut had a circle of influential friends; his defender was a well-known professor from the famous law college at Lyons; and Rombaut himself peculiarly symbolized the change that has taken place in many minds since the war. During the conflict, as a boy of fourteen, he bravely destroyed the telephone and telegraph lines which served the German headquarters in the very town from which, eighteen years later, he has been shipped off to jail.

That the revulsion against war and militarism is at last beginning to penetrate the French populace is apparent and is causing some concern to the militarists. Georges Soyeux and Fernand Plaquevent some months ago notified the authorities of their unwillingness to serve, and as yet neither has been arrested. M. Plaquevent wrote to the Minister of War: "I took part in the massacre of 1914-18. I never hated the Germans. The war deeply influenced my ideas. . . . Now I stand by the words of Victor Hugo, 'Take away the army . . . and you end war.' I have therefore decided to work for the abolition of war and the removal of its causes." Alfred Nahon, Paul Personne, and Charles Launay have followed with a similar forthright refusal to serve, despite all consequences. Interestingly enough, when Albert Einstein and Lord Ponsonby, the latter acting as chairman of the War Resisters' International, last May issued an appeal to men of military age to resist conscription, and several thousand new members joined the organization, France supplied more than any other country. Noting the trend, a French deputy, Georges Richard, is planning to introduce a bill recognizing the right of conscience. A similar measure failed of passage in the Belgian senate last year only by a vote of eighty-nine to sixty-one, and its adherents are rapidly multiplying in the present parliament.

In many regions of the world where the movement was formerly weak or non-existent, gains are being made. New groups have been established in several cities of Latin America. In Spain, where a strong pacific mood is discernible under the new republic, three groups have been organized in as many cities, while the Provincial Federation of Trade Unions in Almeria, the most southeasterly province, has unanimously adopted the complete pacifist program of the War Resisters' International. In Finland a new alternative service law has been put through as a sop to growing pacifist opinion. More than 7,000 young Swedes recently notified their government that they would never serve in the army. In reactionary Bulgaria the clergy of the Congregational and Methodist churches have come out for uncompromising war resistance. And the war resisters behind the bars in most countries of the Continent—twenty-four in Holland and seventeen in Belgium, for example—are serving as centers for a rising agitation that may in time reach those in high places who perpetually talk peace and unceasingly prepare for war.

A Forgotten Poet

THE NATION has already reviewed the new and authentic edition of the letters of Robert Burns which has just been edited by J. DeLancey Ferguson. While reading it we were suddenly struck by the amazing fact that though Burns is doubtless still widely read and widely loved he very rarely figures in any of the current discussions of poetry. A generation ago he would have come prominently to mind in any argument. Indeed, he would probably have stood for the pure poet—for essential poetry or, what would then have been the same thing, for sheer emotion expressing itself in the simplest terms and uncontaminated by metaphysics or learning. But today he is seldom either cited or imitated by poets or critics. John Donne and even Abraham Cowley are referred to ten times as often and exercise ten times as much influence on the actual writing of verse. Our fathers—to whom these last were hardly more than quaint figures out of an all-but-forgotten past—would not have believed that they, especially, could ever become the idols of the next generation, or that Burns could come to seem more remote than they from the interests and problems of the twentieth century. And yet it is an indubitable fact that he is remote. It seems absurd to speak of him as a "forgotten poet," but the phrase is almost justified.

Being curious, we instituted some inquiry among those of our friends who are most interested in poetry, and we discovered what we were inclined to suspect—namely, that Burns has been pushed aside less because his genius is unrecognized than because there seems to be nothing which one of our contemporaries can say about him. All agreed that his verse was unique and almost intolerably beautiful. All admitted that they could not read him without realizing that they were in the presence of a kind of miracle. But that miracle, they added, was one which today could not be even miraculously repeated. Donne's poetry is in the language of the moment. A dozen contemporary poets might conceivably begin a lyric in the manner of

> Go and catch a falling star,
> Get with child a mandrake root.

But there is not one who could commence

> Oh my luve's like a red, red rose
> That's newly sprung in June.

Doubtless the language of criticism is almost as much responsible as is the language of poetry for the fact that Burns is seldom discussed. The only terms in which he has been written about are romantic terms, and there is no present-day critic of standing who would not be far more ready to acknowledge Burns's genius than he would be to talk about "Bobbie" Burns, the "rustic singer" and "the unspoiled child of nature." If he is ever talked about again, it will be because some new way of talking about him has been discovered. But this difficulty with the Burns legend, as distinguished from the corpus of his work, is not the only one. He is too simple, too fresh, too spontaneous, and for all his personal difficulties too untroubled in spirit for us. He is not as far away in time, but in other ways he is more remote than the poets of the seventeenth century.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Have one on me."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Democratic Trough at Chicago

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Chicago, July 1

LET no man say that the Democratic Party's Presidential convention, which has now adjourned, has been held in Chicago. I have just come from its last session; I have listened to all of the proceedings, the incredible speeches, including Mr. Roosevelt's address after his excellent publicity flight from Albany—a stunt worthy of his famous cousin, Theodore. Still I insist that this convention has not been held in Chicago. It has been held in some No Man's Land, in some utterly detached place, floating perhaps between heaven—or some other place—and earth. All Presidential conventions are always wonderlands in their amazing exhibition of childishness and political immaturity, their intriguing, their humbuggery. But this one almost baffles description in its total detachment from the realities of life. Hour after hour we sat there in the sweltering heat—in one case thirteen hours of all-night misery—watching the speakers go through their motions, deafened and racked by the loudest organ on earth, the blaring bands, and the yelling—all the horrors—and there was practically nothing whatever to give the listeners the faintest idea that this convention had any connection whatever with the United States of 1932. It could not have been much nearer than the moon to what is actually going on under the Stars and Stripes, and was certainly utterly remote from all the vital happenings of this workaday world.

Yes, I know that in its preamble the platform speaks of "this time of unprecedented economic and social distress" and declares that those in charge of our government "have ruined our foreign trade, destroyed the values of our commodities and products, crippled our banking system, robbed millions of our people of their life savings and thrown millions more out of work, produced widespread poverty, and brought the government to a state of financial distress unprecedented in time of peace," but even this carries no conviction that the convention was really concerned with or realized what is going on in the United States today. In this city in which it was supposedly held there are endless suffering and human misery, with hundreds of thousands of persons being supported by one dole or another. On the second day of the convention the county treasurer announced that he would go before a county judge on July 11 to apply for judgment and sale for taxes of some 500,000 parcels of real estate involving over $100,000,000 of delinquent 1930 taxes—100,000 more items than were delinquent in 1929. On the same day Senator Lewis of Illinois appealed to the United States government for an immediate loan of $30,000,000 to keep the city of Chicago from collapsing financially, and to enable it to prevent the actual starvation of hundreds of thousands of its citizens and to pay a few back salaries of teachers and other civic employees. One would think that in this setting a sane and intelligent convention, imbued with even average common sense, would have cut out the brass bands, the parading, and the senseless speeches, and would really have got down to business and seriously worked out an economic program, or at least discussed some far-reaching policies to lead the country out of its economic distress.

But no—the convention was interested only in the wet plank. As in the Republican convention the question of beer and booze outranked everything else. That was what the delegates wanted settled. They did not give a tinker's damn about anything else. So far as they were concerned, they, like their leaders, were perfectly willing to ignore the economic chaos. The delegates would not have cared if the platform had made no reference whatever to the impoverishment of millions of our people. As it is, the platform made a great hit; it is short, concise, and without the usual number of weasel words, though it has quite enough. But beyond that there is little to be said for it. True, it calls for unemployment and old-age insurance, but that is not to be done by the Democratic Party next year, if it takes hold of the government, but is to be left to the tender mercies of forty-eight State legislatures. It believes in the spread of employment by shorter hours of labor and a shorter week, with the government setting the example, and it wants, of course, to help the farmer. But when it comes to the relation of government to business, we have the same old swindle —the same old Republican swindle. Thus it desires "the removal of government from all fields of private enterprise, except where necessary to develop public work and natural resources in the common interest." And then in its next paragraph the platform pledges the government to regulate some more; it asks federal control of holding companies which sell securities in interstate commerce, and of the rates of utility companies operating across State lines. It wants the government to control and regulate "exchanges trading in securities and commodities"—as if it could tell us just where in the federal Constitution is to be found a power to regulate domestic concerns of this kind. For the rest, the platform would have been an admirable document in the campaign of 1908. To heighten the effect of this, the managers of the convention gave to ex-Senator James A. Reed of Missouri the opportunity to make what was undoubtedly his final appearance in public life and to ride again his favorite hobby that we must control the great corporations and trusts and prevent mergers and other unfair trade practices—nothing else is needed to restore America. It was a speech that would have read admirably in the days of the Northern Securities case. As a keynote to stir enthusiasm, to launch a Presidential campaign with high hopes and fervent loyalty, it had about as much effect upon the delegates and the spectators as has a pebble on Lake Michigan.

Nowhere in this much-acclaimed document is there a single realization of the vital part that Europe has played and is playing in our economic life and in producing our economic distress. Incredibly enough, in view of the conference at Lausanne, the platform calls for insistence upon payment of the debts owed the United States by foreign nations; it opposes their cancelation. It favors also a monetary conference "to consider the rehabilitation of silver and relative questions." As for the deadly tariff, it apparently denounced this in its preamble while carefully refraining from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calling attention to the fact that the Democrats not only voted in large numbers for the Hawley-Smoot tariff but were responsible for the recent tariff increases in connection with the measures meant to produce additional revenue by other means. Then the platform went on to call for "a *competitive* tariff for revenue, with a fact-finding tariff commission free from executive interference," and another international economic conference "designed to restore international trade and facilitate exchange," with no explanation as to what constitutes a "competitive" tariff. Nothing here to bring hope to Europe; not a word about that sacred obligation of ours to enter the League of Nations, the child of that immortal Democratic President, the last Democratic President, Woodrow Wilson. Nothing whatever here to aid Lausanne or Geneva; nothing to give genuine hope to Europe of immediate, vital, and enlightened cooperation.

Yet I do not deny that the platform is an effective one from the purely political point of view. It is short enough to be read, it shines by contrast with the Republican, and its wet plank alone, in my judgment, will carry the party to success next fall, unless its candidates blunder incredibly in the months to come. There will, of course, be some Wall Street men to declare that it is dangerous. It is really nothing of the kind even from their point of view, and the candidates, heaven knows, should not keep a single banker awake o' nights from New York to San Francisco; they are as safe for capital and big business as Reed or Smoot.

Never have I seen a Presidential ticket named at a national convention with so little enthusiasm. Franklin Roosevelt won in spite of the incessant blunders and unlimited stupidity of his managers out here—managers you would not employ to run a $10,000-a-year corporation—because, as at Kansas City in 1928, you cannot beat a candidate with a commanding lead if you cannot agree in advance upon one man to fight against him. The demonstration when Roosevelt was first named would not have lasted twelve minutes but for the horrible organ and the band. When he was nominated, the galleries were silent and only the delegates whooped it up for a few minutes, with the States that had voted for Smith sitting grimly in their seats. I know that the galleries were packed by the local politicians —many of them Catholics; that accounts in part for the enthusiasm for Al Smith, but by no means for all of it; there certainly was no enthusiasm whatever for Franklin Roosevelt, much less for the man picked by Hearst, McAdoo, and Roosevelt for Vice-President. I talked with many delegates and I know they accepted Roosevelt only as the least of the evils presented to them. There was a time in the third balloting when it looked as if one or two delegations might break from him, and the Roosevelt high command was badly frightened. But there was no fight, no coherence, and no leadership in the opposition. Garner fell easily for the bait of the Vice-Presidency. The galleries, by the way, yelled derisively when William G. McAdoo announced that California would go for Roosevelt, one section asking him in unison: "What price California?" The rumor is that McAdoo's reward is to be the Secretaryship of State. For unblushing effrontery and hypocrisy that statement of McAdoo's that he felt the candidate who had such a comfortable majority should be nominated goes beyond anything I have ever heard in thirty-five years of dealing with politicians. For this is the same William G. McAdoo who boasts that he got the nomination away from Champ Clark in Baltimore in 1912 under *precisely the same circumstances,* Champ Clark having a clear majority in the convention.

Thus Franklin Roosevelt's pursuit of the Democratic nomination has been successful and he has the right to take seriously the references to him as our next President. So has triumphed his campaign of evading all the pending issues, of refusing to answer questions as to how he stands on the problems of the day. As a matter of fact, if he is wise he will continue his policy of silence; it will be safer and he will probably be elected anyway. Roosevelt's success is also the triumph of cowardice and muddle-headedness —of the inability to think any real problems through. His choice is proof positive that the convention was not thinking about our economic chaos and distress, that it was not bent on finding the best possible man to carry on the country in this hour of unparalleled economic difficulties. Two delegates got up and protested that their delegation had been committed to Roosevelt before any other candidates were in the field. Only two speakers from the platform had the courage to say that it was scandalous to be discussing booze when millions of Americans, utterly destitute, were begging for bread. The delegates may have heard this but it affected them no more than if somebody had said that the first trip to the moon would probably start in 1952. Of course if the nomination had been awarded on the grounds of great intellectual capacity, of proved boldness in grasping issues and problems, of courage and originality in finding solutions, the honor would never, never have gone to Franklin Roosevelt. I admit that it would have been hard to find anyone in the Democratic Party to measure up to the needs. On the other hand, I doubt if any other candidate ever carried off this prize in the face of such indifference and after such a blistering and brutally severe attack upon him as that by Heywood Broun on Roosevelt in the Scripps-Howard papers of June 29.

The newspaper observers of this spectacle, at least the thoughtful ones, were profoundly saddened by what they saw, despite all their cynicism. More than one came to me to say that this was beyond endurance. They agree with me that the Democrats could hardly have done much worse for the country unless they had put Garner up for first place. For myself I found myself more and more wondering what the next convention would be like, and whether there would be any convention at all. I am willing to bet that unless there is a marvelous improvement in our situation, the next quadrennial conventions, wherever they meet, will be neither so remote nor so detached from what is going on; that they will be facing the issues of the day because those issues will not let them do anything else—provided, of course, that by that time we have not a fascist dictator in the White House. A coalition Cabinet is on the boards now. Would these delegates care very much if the heart were cut out of our democratic institutions? I doubt it, provided that the act was carefully draped with the American flag, and it was explained to them that George Washington was a good deal of a dictator in his time—like Lincoln and Wilson in war time—and that, after all, this is a war to save the Union in which we are now engaged. Now engaged? For all that a foreign observer might really have learned of our estate from this convention, we are sailing upon the most peaceful, the quietest, and the least rippled of seas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Milwaukee Miracle

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Milwaukee, June 29

SOCIALISTS should learn not to exaggerate. They ought to take care not to lay themselves open unnecessarily to attacks from the conservative parties and press. Especially ought they to be on their guard here in Milwaukee, for here, with the help of a coalition of Republicans and Democrats, they are really showing that they can turn out a workman-like job in giving a large American city a decent and efficient government. Of course, there is no socialism in the Milwaukee government, nor even a trace of that hybrid political form known as municipal socialism. What the Socialists and Non-Partisans have established here is a reform government on bourgeois lines. The municipal corporate structure is essentially like that of Chicago or New York. Indeed, Deputy Controller Wendt declared to me that his office had learned a great deal by studying the New York City government and had introduced into the administration of Milwaukee finances many of the methods used in New York. But there is a vast difference between the two cities. For one thing, Milwaukee has a minimum of graft and corruption; its police are honest; its courts function swiftly and effectively; the municipal corporation itself is in as strong a financial position as any city can be in this day of toppling banks and drastically reduced incomes.

It may be well to note that although the residents of Milwaukee have expressed their satisfaction with Socialist office-holders as municipal reformers by repeatedly reelecting them, they have at the same time voted to keep administration of the city's finances in the hands of a non-Socialist, Louis M. Kotecki. This man, who has just been elected to his fifth four-year term as city controller, is the leader of the Non-Partisans, the principal and indeed the only political opponents the Socialists have in Milwaukee. While Mayor Hoan, through his appointive power, keeps a finger on virtually every department in the government, Kotecki as controller supervises all city expenditures. He has the authority, which he does not hesitate to exercise, to call department heads, even Socialist appointees, to account for what he considers uneconomic practices. Moreover, Kotecki and his assistant, William F. Wendt, prepare the annual budget, which, of course, is subject to approval by the Common Council, at present dominated by a Non-Partisan majority.

Most of the free and unexpected publicity that came to Milwaukee last winter was based on the supposed existence of a "cash surplus" at the end of the last fiscal year. From this the inference was drawn that unlike Chicago, Detroit, and numerous other cities Milwaukee was miraculously paying its own way despite the economic crisis. The amount of this cash balance has been variously reported. Mayor Hoan has written of "a cash daily balance in the city treasury of $3,000,000." The enterprising reporter who started the publicity boom found a cash reserve of $4,000,000. The Citizens' Bureau of Milwaukee, an organization financed by business men who are primarily interested in combating the Socialists, said the balance amounted to $3,400,000 on December 31. Other Socialist writers put the figure at $2,324,778.81, basing this figure on an unexplained item labeled "surplus" which appears in the consolidated balance sheet dated December 31. The consolidated balance sheet for 1931 is as confusing as are most corporation reports. Under "assets, cash" a total of $3,974,469.95 is given, but it is not clear whether this represents the true cash balance. In any case the balance was probably somewhere in the neighborhood of this figure. Since December 31 the balance has been greatly reduced.

On the strength of these various figures the suggestion has been made that Milwaukee has been paying all its bills out of current revenues and has even had something left over. Before the economic crisis reached its peak Milwaukee no doubt was doing this, as its earlier financial statements readily show. But, then, so were many other American cities. The Milwaukee myth has been based on the supposition that this city has continued to do so notwithstanding the general economic situation. Under the economic program adopted some years ago by the Socialist-Non-Partisan regime, all the income of the municipality, from whatever source it may come, is dumped into a single pot. Besides tax money and other revenue, the proceeds from the sale of bond issues go into this general account. The municipality draws upon this pot for all its expenses. But buried somewhere in the general account is a fund which once totaled $4,925,000, the proceeds of two bond issues sold long ago. One issue was intended to finance a street-widening project, and the other to pay for the construction of a viaduct. Work on both projects has been held up by legal and political controversies. Obviously the bond proceeds are carefully earmarked on the municipal books for their original purpose. I do not suggest that there has been any illegal diversion of them. But just as obviously this money is being used to meet at least a part of the city's current operating expenses. In other words, Milwaukee not only has no unencumbered cash balance, but if it were not permitted to draw upon the bond funds it would have to borrow at the banks as other municipalities have been compelled to do.

Deputy Controller Wendt admitted this to me after lengthy questioning. He said that there was a bookkeeping balance between accounts receivable and accounts payable, that is, between anticipated revenues and contemplated expenditures, but added that inasmuch as a part of the accounts receivable is in the form of delinquent or deferred taxes, the city has been forced to borrow from its unused bond funds. Certainly no one can quarrel with this procedure. The city is already paying interest on the bond funds. There would be little sense in running to the bankers for new loans upon which further interest would have to be paid so long as the city has any part of this costly bond money lying idle in its treasury. But there is equally as little sense in referring to this idle money as a "cash surplus," or in suggesting, because of the existence of this general account balance, that Milwaukee is still paying its way.

There are other factors in Milwaukee's publicity boom which are not always clearly explained. For example, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

city's boosters, while they do not assert that the property tax rate is phenomenally low, declare that despite the municipality's excellent financial record the tax rate is not above the average for cities of its population class. This in a sense is true. Milwaukee property-owners are paying a higher tax rate than are the property-owners of Cleveland, Baltimore, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Rochester, Syracuse, and Toledo, but when the rate is adjusted on a common assessment basis Milwaukee ranks fifth among these cities. One point is generally overlooked. Under the Wisconsin income-tax law, 50 per cent of the income taxes collected in the city of Milwaukee is returned to the municipal corporation for its own use. Of course, this tax does not figure in the property tax rate, but it must be conceded that this money actually comes from residents of Milwaukee, and that if the city did not have this extra income, the residents would have to make up the difference by paying a higher property tax.

The economic depression has not had the severely adverse effect upon municipal finances that it has had, for example, in Toledo, although it has increased tax delinquencies. For one thing, unemployment relief rests upon the county government, not the city. Approximately one-fifth of the families of Milwaukee are being cared for by the county, which so far has run up a deficit of almost $6,000,000 in financing this relief work. The county has already had to borrow $2,500,000 to provide for the jobless, and may soon be in the market for additional loans. The residents of Milwaukee, though they take pride in the economy of their municipal government, must eventually meet the bulk of this increasing obligation the county is carrying, for Milwaukee City comprises more than three-fourths of the area and population of Milwaukee County. The city has been helping the jobless in a small way. Last year it financed a made-work program costing $421,876, and this year it has appropriated $1,200,000 for made work and emergencies. Of the latter sum, $600,000 represents an advance by the State to the city from the 1933 gasoline tax. Thus the drain on the city's financial resources as a result of unemployment has not been particularly heavy.

The "pay-as-you-go" policy of the Hoan administration, which is the basis of much favorable publicity, and which is often pointed to as one of the major factors in keeping Milwaukee solvent, is by no means peculiar to this city. Many other municipalities, including Buffalo, Detroit, the larger cities of Ohio, and even the much-maligned Chicago, have paid a large part of the cost of their permanent improvements out of current revenues. Moreover, Milwaukee itself, though I do not mean to belittle its record, has done no better than to meet half the cost of its permanent improvements out of taxes and special assessments. In the last ten years only 40 per cent of the $17,500,000 spent for school construction and 41 per cent of the $10,000,000 which went into park and playground improvements have come from current revenues. In 1928-29 permanent improvements such as street paving and public building were financed 44.8 per cent from the sale of bonds, 22 per cent from general taxes, 22.3 per cent from special assessments, and 10.9 per cent from water revenues.

It has been asserted by persons not particularly friendly to the Socialists of Milwaukee that the statutory limitation on municipal indebtedness has made it impossible for the city to go on a spending spree, to borrow money for unnecessary purposes as some other cities have done. This may be true, but we must attribute to the Milwaukee officials a sincere desire to keep the city's indebtedness within reasonable limits. Nevertheless, the Socialist reply again leaves the door wide open to unnecessary attacks by the conservatives. Wisconsin municipalities are permitted to carry a bonded indebtedness totaling not more than 5 per cent of the current assessed valuation of taxable property. The Socialists declare that today the city's legal margin of bonded debt is much larger than it has been for several years past. They cite the following figures prepared by Deputy Controller Wendt as of May 31 of this year:

Year	*Net Debt*	*Margin*
1932	$47,420,000	$1,272,697
1931	50,338,450	473,462
1930	48,800,900	276,338
1929	46,996,050	211,832
1928	44,955,300	7,956
1927	43,167,100	80,758

These figures, for several reasons, are open to challenge. For example, although Milwaukee has borrowed on the average more than $4,000,000 annually for the last ten years, it has borrowed nothing so far this year, and the year had seven more months to run from May 31. Nevertheless, this record itself seems conclusively to prove the contention of the Citizens' Bureau and others that the city has been borrowing up to the very limit permitted by law. In the period covered by the above figures the net debt runs over 99 per cent of the amount legally allowed. Compare this with the period from 1913 to 1917, when the net indebtedness averaged little more than 50 per cent of the permissible total. Indeed, in 1916 Milwaukee had bond issues outstanding at the end of the year amounting to only $11,921,000, although it could lawfully have floated additional issues totaling $11,998,606.

In only one respect is the administration of Milwaukee's finances unique. About ten years ago an amortization fund was created. This fund is built up on all or part of the interest collected on city bank deposits, deferred tax payments, unpaid special assessments, and by other means. On January 1 the fund totaled $3,600,000 and was growing at a rate faster than had been anticipated. When the fund equals three-fourths of the outstanding debt, "three-fourths of the annual interest on said fund," according to the law, "shall be applied to pay the interest on any outstanding bonds and to assume new bond issues of such city, or as the public-debt commission may from time to time with the approval of the Common Council apply the same for any purpose for which municipal bonds may be legally issued." In brief, the amortization fund will ultimately be used to wipe out the bonded indebtedness of the city. It was hoped that this goal would be reached by 1963, but the municipal debt has been growing so fast that this now cannot be achieved until some time after 1973. Of course, the amortization arrangement has had nothing to do with Milwaukee's current financial problems, and it may very well be that unless other means are found wherewith to keep the fund increasing faster than the bonded debt, the ultimate goal may never be reached. Yet one must credit the authors of this arrangement—both the Non-Partisans and the Socialists claim authorship—for creating a municipal savings account or insurance fund such as no other American city possesses.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charity and the State

By ROBERT BRIFFAULT

DESTITUTION, hunger, misery, disease—the outcome of the strife for private gain in economic warfare—are tempered by private charity. The distress of the victims is, in the last extremity, alleviated by the twice-blessed mercy of the victors out of the abundance of their spoils, in much the same manner as wounded prisoners of war are nursed and tended by those who have previously mutilated them. In the latter instance the act is one of pure humanity; prisoners of war were in more barbarous ages slaughtered. The relief bestowed by private charity on the sufferers from economic warfare is less unalloyed in its motives. Economic exploitation on the scale rendered possible by the triumphs of modern industry and efficient business methods results, like scientific warfare, in such a holocaust that the multitude of the victims is a grave menace to that smooth operation of the process spoken of as law and order. Charitable relief is, under those conditions, a virtue which not only commends itself as noble and creditable, but also on the score of its imperative necessity. Unless emotions of gratitude and abject humiliation be awakened in those who may have cause to be discontented with the system, these might become obsessed with a morbid desire to hang their would-be benefactors. The milk of human kindness is, hence, usually diluted under those conditions by a judicious admixture of tear gas and lead calculated to soothe the feelings of the sufferers, lest by some misunderstanding on their part good Samaritans should be robbed of the opportunity of practicing the ineffable virtue of Christian charity.

The exercise of that virtue is nevertheless in a large measure its own reward. The spiritual gratification afforded by the disposal of superfluous wealth through the channels of charitable enterprises and institutions has always occupied an important place among the refined forms of delectation which lend added charm to the occupations of privileged classes. In the stately homes of England the "Guide to British Charities" holds a prescriptive place beside the Badminton "Library of Sports and Pastimes" and De Brett's "Peerage." English charities rank with the most exclusive kennels of foxhounds and the most expensive racing studs as institutions specifically in accord with the English way of life. To contribute to charities used to be as much a privilege of the feudal aristocracy as to subscribe to the Ranelagh, the Carlton, or the Pelican. By an amazing provision in the scheme of social organization the whole of the essential services for the care of the sick and infirm is, in England, dependent upon eleemosynary support. Every hospital used to subsist on the bounties of half a dozen dukes. Today those feudal sources of support being, through the decay of feudalism, no longer available, institutions for the care of afflicted British subjects are bankrupt. But the magnificent tradition is kept up. By ceaseless and persistent public begging, flag days, flower days, street collections by medical students with faces blackened with cork and wearing their shirts outside their trousers, frantic appeals are made to the English public to save the magnificent system of social services entirely supported by voluntary subscriptions from falling to the opprobrious level of organized state institutions.

Devout American millionaires with a due concern for the salvation of their souls have continued the tradition on an even more lavish scale. Their generosity is, it is true, at times somewhat irrelevant so far as regards the misery resulting from the abstraction of their colossal fortunes from the public resources. The founding of picture galleries and public libraries affords to those who are deprived of food and shelter the same kind of solace that the presentation of a leather-bound copy of the poems of Longfellow might bring to a widow who had been reduced to destitution by the donor. But the public benefactor's self-approbation and the peace of mind which is the reward of a good deed are much the same even though his generosity be ineffectual and misdirected. To many mature spinsters of both sexes life would be robbed of half its value were they deprived of the delight of bestowing or of promoting charitable aid. The innumerable societies for the relief of decayed gentlewomen, senile clergymen, discharged criminals, distressed bankers, homeless cats, or unmarried mothers exist as much in order that they may afford to persons of means and leisure an opportunity for the practice of charity as for the admirable objects to which a portion of their funds and activities is dedicated. Rightly and wisely do the philanthropic and refined persons of limited intellectual resources who are the backbone of those humanitarian institutions, of the Stock Exchange, and of the nation view any proposal for wasteful state provisions calculated to foster idleness and improvidence with a disapproval as lively as is their unsparing devotion to the cause of social help.

Charity produces general edification. It stimulates agreeably those sentiments of diffuse good-will and that sense of human brotherhood one touch of which makes the whole world kin. The ancient Romans were wont to indulge in those pleasant emotions when, following a still more ancient custom, they set aside all class distinctions during the Saturnalia, and the masters waited upon their slaves. In times of particular stress, such as we are becoming accustomed to regard as normal, indulgence in the Saturnalian orgies of charity drives, street collections, house-to-house appeals, benefit balls, entertainments, social functions devoted to charity, and listening to Mr. Hoover over the radio add, like the spirit of Christmas, the delectable seasoning of good-will and the glow of benevolent emotions to the pleasant excitement of social pleasures and activities. To cultivate sentiments which do so much honor to human nature is in itself so precious a benefit that it, in some measure, offsets the deplorable facts which give occasion to it. As eloquent ministers of religion have pointed out, the holocaust of misery and suffering inflicted upon a stricken world by a profitable social system is in reality, like most evils, a blessing in disguise. It serves the inestimable purpose of supplying an occasion for indulgence in charitable emotions. We should be deprived of the voluptuous feelings produced by a self-approving conscience were not the poor, by a beneficent provision of our social arrangements, always with us.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If there were no poverty, it would be desirable to create it, that Christian charity might be in no danger of wilting within our hearts. The moral purpose is of more importance than the occasion which affords scope for its application. That profound truth is appreciated by those employers who, choosing the better part, lay off half their staffs that they themselves may, without pecuniary loss, contribute to the unemployment fund; or those Park Avenue ladies who close the least convenient of their country estates and discharge their servants so that they may draw a small check for the assistance of the destitute. As Mr. Hoover says, we *are* our brother's keeper.

While the fostering and inculcation of the most admirable dispositions of the human heart is one of the highest functions of religion, the important part played by charitable activities and institutions in the scheme of civilized society rests primarily upon the conception of the functions of the state. That conception harks back to the most ancient autocratic empires of the past. The state, represented by a divine and absolute ruler, was in that view understood to dispose unconditionally of all its subjects, their property, their labor, and their lives. A subject was supposed to be permitted to exist by a gracious act of magnanimity on the part of the state. His possessions, his wife, his family, his life were understood to be held by him on sufferance through the generosity of the state, which had a perpetual lien on them. The state might, of course, at any time foreclose. The life of the subject belonged to the state. To lay it down whenever he might be required to do so was a sacred duty and obligation of the subject. He was, by that act, merely paying back a debt. Converse duties and obligations on the part of the state did not, of course, enter into the scheme. Such a notion was meaningless. In the great American republic, the model of an enlightened modern democracy, the citizen is, as in the barbaric autocracies of the dim past, held to owe his life to the state. Any person who is admitted to the privilege of that citizenship is, in fact, expected to sign a specific declaration to that effect. But should the citizen die of starvation and exposure in Union Square, the mishap casts no shadow of blame upon the state. Mr. Hoover does not suffer thereby any aspersion. For obligations and responsibilities with regard to life, as between the citizen and the state, are all on the one side.

That is why Christian charity is so inestimably important. The life of the free American citizen who is about to turn up his toes in Union Square is entirely a matter for private sentiment, personal benevolence, eloquent perorations, appeal to high ideals. If the state takes any action in the matter, that is purely a magnanimous gesture arising out of the irrepressible generosity of the sentiments which inspire every thought of the exalted individuals to whom are committed the executive powers of the nation. To restrain those sentiments from overflowing in words of impassioned eloquence when their hearts are wrung with tenderness at the spectacle of suffering would be to expect too much of human nature. But in appealing to all and sundry to do their share in helping bear the cross of suffering and distress in times when the unfortunate miscarriage of speculative transactions and the immoderate ambitions of rugged predatory individualism offer more than ever an opportunity for the exercise of Christian charity, the executives of the state transcend, they are careful to make it clear, the strict limits of their official function and obligations, and speak as mere men to whom the spectacle of widespread suffering is intolerable.

Some misguided and uninformed persons have put forward suggestions to the effect that obligations as between citizens and the state should, as a matter of elementary equity, be reciprocal. The state, which claims a right over the citizen's life, should, they preposterously imply, hold itself responsible for the security of that life. When a citizen perishes from starvation and exposure in the vicinity of the Treasury, the misadventure, they represent, argues a gross dereliction of duty on the part of the state, and constitutes as clearly an act of indictable manslaughter as if it were chargeable to criminal neglect on the part of an individual. If the state does not guarantee the mere existence of its citizens, what, in the name of political philosophy, is its function?

But those are Bolshevist doctrines. The whole of the distinction between the social organization which Bolshevists advocate and the decent civilized anarchy of respectable predatory individualistic societies lies precisely in the view taken of the moral obligations of the state. Ignorant and unbalanced extremists imagine that the state has duties and obligations toward its citizens. Persons who talk in that manner have no respect for venerable traditions. The state is fulfilling its obligations when it provides adequate protection to the pecuniary interests of the country. Nor does it ever show any remissness in the unflinching fidelity with which it discharges that sacred duty. The inordinate display of armed force which it provides when gentlemen having their offices in Wall Street think they have cause to feel nervous may, indeed, appear at times excessive. The state may be over-punctilious in the discharge of its duties when the vital interests of the country are at stake, but to expect that it shall take upon itself additional responsibilities for human lives which are of no pecuniary value is to misunderstand its character. It represents the august power of a great and potent nation. And that power resides in the great monetary interests of its financial and industrial leaders, not in the empty stomachs of those who are led by them to destitution and starvation. With a wise appreciation of its true function the state, faithful to its trust, places its resources at the disposal of bankers. Starving stomachs appertain to the province of private charity. What would become of the moral inspiration supplied by the exercise of the latter if the state, desecrating all moral ideals, should debase the virtue of Christian charity to the sordid level of an elementary obligation? What, even, would become of the Christian religion should the state blasphemously presume to play, except in regard to the bankers, the part of Providence?

Such an extension of its functions by a more or less Christian state solemnly pledged to uphold the principles of religion and of rugged individualism would be tantamount to a subversion of those principles. It would, we are told, be opposed to the whole spirit of the American people—whatever that may mean. Granted that the "problem of unemployment" constitutes a danger and a source of anxiety to those whose enthusiasm for those principles has created it, to meet that danger by a breach of those very principles would be no remedy. It would be a step toward social organization, that is, toward bolshevism. The cure would be worse than the disease. Placed as it is at the present juncture between the devil of social reform and the deep

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blue sea of dissolution, predatory individualism sees little hope of escape from the dilemma except in an appeal to the finer qualities and nobler impulses of human nature. In the generous self-sacrifice of private charity, in the spirit of good-will and human brotherhood, in the eternal principles of the Sermon on the Mount lie the hopes of Wall Street. To those immutable principles, accordingly, the President, whose piety is well known, appeals with husky eloquence. Let everyone, without distinction of class, practice charity. By that sign shall rugged predatory individualism win through to the prosperity which will bring back bigger and better depredation.

The solid interests which the government of the United States represents can no more accept a quixotic responsibility for the lives of workers which those interests no longer require than they could have been held responsible to the governments of the European countries whence they formerly inveigled cheap labor when they required it. And that the wretches once provided the means of building up an unexampled prosperity and of getting rich quickly is no reason why their lives should be safeguarded after they have outlasted their usefulness, and from being a source of profit have become a menace to those profits.

Private charity has the advantage of being ineffective. The security arising from regular state insurance does actually guarantee to the citizen the minimum of subsistence. The uncertain and insubstantial futility of the relief which charity ostentatiously offers is sufficiently unreal not to interfere unduly with the natural process of decimation by misery, which it serves to veil rather than to arrest. The nuisance and the perils arising from an unwanted excess of population that no longer serves a useful purpose in the scheme of profitable civilization are mitigated by the exercise of private charity, which is thus more than twice blessed, and compasses less noisily, if more gradually, the same desirable results as the use of automatic pistols and machine-guns. The abject humiliation and degradation inflicted by private charity help, moreover, by sapping the last remnants of self-respect, to break the spirit of the idle and destitute and thus to avert the dangers which might else arise from their despair.

Americans are an emotional and sentimental people. The appeal of generous sentiments is never lost upon them even though they may be slow to respond to the unbalanced emotions of moral indignation. Fortified by principles of wisdom, the government of the United States will preserve the trust placed in it by the solid interests of rugged predatory individualism. By their indomitable resolution to sacrifice everything to personal gain, those interests have raised this country to the exalted position which it now occupies among the nations that look up to it with mixed feelings. From the giddy height it may plumb the depth of the abyss on the brink of which it stands. The leaders of this great nation, who have placed it upon that pinnacle of perilous glory, shall ever lead it onward. Let the precious milk of human kindness be poured upon the troubled chaos which rugged predatory individualism has brought about. Let every man, except the representatives of the nation, be his brother's keeper. Let destitution, hunger, misery, and despair look for relief to charity. Let them not ask for justice.

Getting Out of Central America

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

APOLOGISTS have recently declared that what Japan is doing in Manchuria is no different from what the United States has done in Central America. To a certain extent the statement is true. The Kellogg-Stimson intervention in Nicaragua in 1927, resulting in a futile campaign against Sandino which is still being doggedly carried on, in many respects resembles the Japanese campaign against the Chinese. The United States calls Sandino and his followers "bandits" just as the Japanese call their Chinese opponents in Manchuria "bandits." But there is this important difference between Japanese and American policy. Although Japan is becoming more and more aggressive toward China, the United States is attempting to withdraw from Central America, and is resisting new opportunities for intervention. However timidly, it is moving toward a policy of non-intervention which will accord with its frequent professions of pan-Americanism and with its obligations under the anti-war pact.

Whether this new policy will be fully carried out depends upon forthcoming events in Nicaragua and Salvador. Secretary Stimson has announced that the marines will leave Nicaragua in January, 1933, after the presidential elections of November, 1932. As in the case of the 1928 and 1930 elections, the United States will supervise the November balloting in the hope of leaving Nicaragua in the hands of a government which will command the respect of the people. Nevertheless, the difficulties which will confront the United States in the November elections are greater than those of preceding years. Owing to discrimination against third parties, the issue has hitherto been drawn clearly between the Liberals and the Conservatives. In each election the Liberals have won a decisive victory, thus confirming the impression that they constitute a definite majority throughout the country. But during the past few months the Liberal Party has experienced a split which, if it is not healed, may lead to a Conservative victory in November. The titular head of the Liberal Party, President Moncada, has never been popular with many members of the party. He was nominated in 1928 largely because of the impression that Mr. Stimson would like to see him President. He has probably made as good a President as any other Nicaraguan would have during the intervention period, though he has ruled with an iron hand. Supported by an American-officered Guardia, he has often imprisoned opponents without trial on the ground that they were Communists and *Sandinistas*.

According to the Nicaragua constitution, the President is ineligible immediately for a second term. To succeed Moncada at least four Liberal candidates have appeared: ex-Minister Juan B. Sacasa; Vice-President Aguado; Leonardo Arguello, former Minister of Foreign Affairs; and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Rudolfo Espinosa, former minister in Washington and a member of the unrecognized Sacasa government in 1927. Although for a time Moncada was supposed to be supporting Minister of Finance Barberena, today he apparently has no candidate and is accused of wishing to prolong his own term. So bitter has feeling become that the four candidates have formed an anti-Moncada branch of the Liberal Party. In March two separate conventions were held, each representing itself to be the true Liberal Party. It is this division which gives the Conservatives an unexpected opportunity.

Recognizing that the past disorder in Nicaragua has been due largely to the intense bitterness between Conservatives and Liberals, President Moncada, in February, 1932, published a brief monograph reviewing the history of the country and expressing the belief that national unity and stability could be secured after the withdrawal of the American intervention only by the representation of minorities. In the following month he published another pamphlet elaborating this suggestion. Thus, instead of being entirely excluded from participation in the government, the party which loses the presidential election would be given, say, one-third of the places in the Cabinet, courts, and general administrative departments. Although this reform could be adopted by an ordinary amendment to the present constitution, Moncada proposed that a convention be called to frame an entirely new constitution. This constitution, according to Moncada, should also legalize the existence of the Guardia Nacional, the military force now directed by Americans, and the Bryan-Chamorro treaty giving the United States the right to build the Nicaragua Canal. Moncada declared that this treaty violated the constitution forbidding the conclusion of any agreement affecting Nicaragua's "sovereignty." He did not wish to set aside this treaty, however, because the "rights of humanity" dictated that the Nicaragua Canal should be built. The treaty "cannot be submitted to new discussions of conventions, to national congresses, courts of arbitration, or the League of Nations." (In 1916 the Central American Court had ruled that the treaty violated the rights of Salvador and Costa Rica.) But Moncada asserted that the constitution should be amended so as to give the treaty validity. Apparently his proposal to constitutionalize the National Guard and the Bryan-Chamorro treaty was bait tempting Mr. Stimson to accept the rest of his plan.

Moncada's next step was to send a mission to Washington, composed of one Liberal and one Conservative, in an attempt to induce the State Department to postpone the 1932 presidential elections and supervise in their stead elections for a constitutional convention. Although Moncada has repeatedly denied any ambition to stay in power, this demand for a new constitution led to the accusation that he really wished to extend his office for two more years. It was pointed out that in case a convention to frame a new constitution were held, it would be impossible to elect a new President to take office in January, and that the alternative would be extension of Moncada's term as a de facto government. Moncada's references to the adoption in the past of new constitutions by de facto governments increased the suspicion that he really harbored a desire to prolong his term and that his proposal for a constitutional convention, elected under American supervision, was a means of securing State Department support for his ambition.

In a note of April 5, 1932, Secretary Stimson refused to be a party to any such transaction. He declared that the question whether Nicaragua should have a new constitution was one for Nicaragua alone to decide. Inasmuch as the Bryan-Chamorro treaty had received more than two-thirds of the votes of the Nicaragua legislature, it was valid according to Article 162 of the constitution. Finally, he warned that if Nicaragua should proceed to elect a constitutional convention this year, the United States would not supervise the November presidential elections. As a result of this note, Moncada has taken no further action in regard to a new constitution.

Because of the continuing split in the Liberal Party, there is danger that a minority candidate will win the November elections—an outcome which would create an unstable situation after American withdrawal. The Conservatives are nominating as their candidate Don Adolfo Díaz, whom the United States virtually made President in 1926. The one reason why the Conservatives are backing Don Adolfo is because they believe that Washington would look with favor upon his election. The State Department has declared repeatedly that it will be absolutely neutral during the coming elections, but the Conservative leaders apparently believe that the State Department wishes to have in Nicaragua a puppet government, and they are prepared to advance the most *Americanista* candidate in the country in the hope thereby of returning to power. If Díaz should be elected President in November, no one in Latin America would believe that his election was not dictated by the United States, and many of the gains of our new Latin American policy would thereby be lost. Moreover, if Díaz should come into power as a result of a split in the Liberal Party, it is probable that Sandino would march an army into Managua following the withdrawal of the American marines and plunge Nicaragua into another civil war.

While the State Department should not interfere in the selection of presidential candidates, it should make it perfectly clear that it is not supporting, even with its sympathy, the candidacy of Díaz. Justified as the State Department was in rejecting Moncada's plan for a new constitution, which would have inevitably prolonged the American intervention, the United States should nevertheless do what is proper to bring about an agreement between the Conservative and Liberal parties embodying Moncada's idea of representation of minorities. If both parties are given a share in the spoils, both may be reasonably content and the incentive to revolution thereby removed. The State Department should not repeat the error made in 1924 of leaving upon its withdrawal a political situation in Nicaragua which will make future revolution inevitable.

While planning to evacuate Nicaragua, the United States has also been trying to avoid intervention in Salvador. In December, 1931, a coup d'etat led by the younger military officers forced President Araujo to flee the country. Despite his likable personality and liberal tendencies Araujo had proved a weak President. His entourage fattened off the treasury while the army remained unpaid. After the revolt against him the Salvador Congress quickly authorized Vice-President Martínez to take office in accordance with the constitution. There is no doubt that the revolt against Araujo was popular and that Martínez commanded respect.

On January 22 the government was rudely challenged by a Communist uprising. Although agitators had been at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work for many years, no one even faintly believed that Salvador, a tropical, agricultural country, could be the home of one of the strongest Communist movements in the Western Hemisphere. The Third International, however, has found a fertile field in parts of this little country, where there exists a land shortage caused by overpopulation and desperate conditions upon the coffee estates. The government had decided to allow the Communist Party to participate in the municipal elections on January 3 and in the congressional elections of the following Sunday. But when it became evident that the Communists would carry several cities, the government excluded them from the polls. This arbitrary action—which is customary throughout Latin America—was a sign for an uprising in which the Communists made attacks in the Sonsonate and Ahuachapan districts. Although the attacks on the larger towns were repulsed, the Communists succeeded in taking Juayua, an important coffee center, and the Indian town of Izalco. Laborers and overseers who had been implicitly trusted for years rose up and killed estate owners and created a reign of terror on the coffee plantations. The Salvador army, remaining loyal to Martínez, with the assistance of 2,000 volunteers soon expelled the Communists from the cities. The Salvador property-owners, together with the army, throwing restraint to the winds, now engaged in a war of extermination, as a result of which between 3,000 and 7,000 Salvador *mozos* were slaughtered. There is no doubt that many innocent laborers were killed in this general holocaust and that many seeds of future bitterness were sown. The last cry of Augustín Marti, Communist leader and graduate of the Salvador law school, upon being executed February 1, was "Viva el Partido Comunista!"

A third factor in a delicate situation was the default of the Salvador government on its foreign loans on February 27. This default took on political importance because of the provisions of a loan contract drawn up in 1922 between the Salvador government and American bankers, the terms of which were severely criticized at the time by *The Nation*. According to this contract the American bankers could maintain a fiscal representative in Salvador to receive the customs pledged to the loan; but should the government go into default the bankers in cooperation with the State Department could establish a customs receivership. Thus the default of February 27 placed before the United States the question of establishing customs control over Salvador similar to that which existed in Nicaragua.

Now Salvador is one of the proudest countries in Central America; from the beginning it protested against the interventions of the United States in Nicaragua. Moreover, although the fiscal representative in Salvador, Mr. W. W. Renwick, has been popular because of his diplomatic efforts to assist the government in carrying out reforms, the 1922 loan contract from the first encountered severe criticism, which has increased during the last year. Under these circumstances the establishment of an American receivership in Salvador would have created intense indignation and overturned many of the gains achieved by the new Hoover Latin American policy. Consequently, the State Department has declined to assist in the establishment of this receivership—one reason being that it has not "recognized" the Martínez regime. Apparently this is the only instance in history where our recognition policy has worked to the advantage of a non-recognized government! For that matter, the bankers realize that the establishment of a receivership would give little additional security.

Although the United States has recognized revolutionary governments in South America during the past eighteen months, it declines to recognize Martínez because of the Central American treaty of 1923, which prevents the recognition of any government headed by a leader of the successful revolution or by a Cabinet officer in the overthrown regime. According to a number of foreign diplomatic representatives, Martínez had not been a leader in the revolt against Araujo. However, he had been elected Vice-President and had been appointed Minister of War. It would have been possible for the State Department to rule that since Martínez had been *elected* Vice-President, he was merely performing the *duties* of the Minister of War without holding that office—and consequently was eligible to recognition. But the State Department adopted the more obvious interpretation that Martínez as former Minister of War was ineligible to recognition under the 1923 treaty. It was believed that this ruling would force Martínez to resign, as did General Orellana under similar circumstances in Guatemala in 1930. Martínez, however, continues in office.

In applying the 1923 recognition treaty to Salvador the State Department has acted much more circumspectly than it did in Nicaragua in 1926. Instead of following an aggressive, literal interpretation of that treaty, it has acted in cooperation with the Guatemala and Honduras governments, both of which fear that revolutions would be encouraged if Martínez were recognized. The Department is not attempting to oust Martínez from office as it did Chamorro, and it showed restraint in not landing marines at the time of the Communist outbreak. Nevertheless, the application of the 1923 treaty to Martínez has stirred up indignation against the United States in Salvador and elsewhere in Central America. This indignation is particularly acute because the Salvador Congress approved the recognition treaty, on May 26, 1925, subject to a reservation that Salvador could not accept the clause preventing the recognition of revolutionary governments because the right of revolution is guaranteed in the Salvador constitution. Because of this reservation the Martínez government contends that this treaty clause cannot now be applied against it. The State Department declares, however, that this reservation merely controls the recognition policy of Salvador toward the other Central American countries; that it does not prevent the other countries and the United States from applying the 1923 treaty as a whole against Salvador. Technically this answer may be correct, but it ignores the equities of the situation. Had Salvador believed that any such legalistic interpretation was going to be applied to its reservation, it undoubtedly would have rejected the 1923 treaty as a whole. Because of this reservation and of the fact that the Salvador Congress has ruled that Martínez is eligible as President under the treaty, Salvador regards the non-recognition policy of the United States as an intervention in its affairs. The only means by which the United States can prevent the recurrence of such situations in Salvador and elsewhere in Central America is by bringing about the revision of the 1923 treaty, so as to make it possible to apply the same recognition policy to Central America that we apply in South America. Until the 1923 treaty is revised, the Hoover Latin American policy will not be able fully to achieve its ends.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Artist in Soviet Russia

By LOUIS LOZOWICK

HISTORY does not record whether the Flemish master of Early Renaissance, Jan van Eyck, resented the title *valet de chambre* given to him at the court of Burgundy where he was employed. We know he earned his keep conscientiously, like so many artists of his time, by turning out masterpieces to the honor of his patron and the glory of the church (propaganda!). In accordance with the ideas of our own more enlightened age, the modern master Amadeo Modigliani was free from entangling ideological alliances and enjoyed, therefore, deservedly the title of "intellectual aristocrat"—compensation, perhaps, for his death from starvation and the suicide of his wife with an unborn child. Disinterested friends of art made a neat fortune on the sale of his works.

The fate of Modigliani is not an accident. It is as typical of our period as that of Van Eyck was of his. In our time, when a surplus of art works is ground out for the competitive market amid the din of newspaper ballyhoo, the starving artist is inevitably present wherever artists congregate—Paris, London, New York, Detroit. He is, indeed, so common as to be taken for granted, even romanticized. The Bolshevik Revolution, irreverent of so many capitalist institutions, abolished the romantic notion of the perennial bohemian. In Soviet Russia the starving artist has gone out of fashion and out of existence as well, and his place has been taken by the type of artist not uncommon in art history—the public agent actively participating in the social life of which he forms an integral part.

During the last fifteen years schools and tendencies have changed and shifted, but whether the Russian artists have constructed abstract "polygraphic objects," or painted in the reporter's manner of "heroic realism," or sought to combine the revolutionary theme with plastic qualities, they have all proclaimed unequivocally their complete adherence to the revolution, their identity with its vast program of creating a new Socialist society. Artists are members of a trade union together with printers, textile designers, and workers in other allied trades; they carry unemployment, sickness, accident insurance—paid by the institution employing them—and receive two weeks' or a month's vacation with pay. Though the artists paint more than ever before, they also find time for applied work—to introduce a distinction not always valid—of which there is an unlimited need.

To take a few specific instances: There is a campaign for the collectivization of agriculture. The peasants must be shown by means of posters the advantages of collective over individual farming; they must have a graphic picture of how collectivization leads to better homes, greater leisure, higher culture, more bread. On still another plane—it has been the custom in Central Asia to strap every child to its cradle for a full year after its birth. Posters are made to show the harmful consequences of such a practice and the superiority of a more sanitary method. Then, of course, there are numberless campaigns for the Five-Year Plan in Four, for Soviet aviation, for sports, hygiene, literacy. No phase of life is left untouched. These posters alone are enough to keep the artists of the nation busy. But they are only a beginning. There are newspapers to illustrate, book jackets, magazines by the ten thousand. Artists are attached to theaters, to city-planning commissions, to parks of culture and rest, to workers' clubs.

All of the work described is executed on the basis of *contractatzia,* that is, a contract or collective agreement for a stated period and compensation. Depending on qualifications, the compensation ranges between 200 and 360 rubles a month. In piece work more can easily be earned. Artists may hold more than one job. Several hundred rubles a month are quite common; even incomes of over a thousand rubles are not unknown. Many artists are under a year's contract with Izogis (Art Section of State Publishing House) to complete four easel paintings and ten sketches, on a given theme, to be reproduced in color and sold throughout the Soviet Union. The original painting is the artist's property, to dispose of at his discretion. After four years, if the reproductions prove to be popular, the artist gets a royalty on all new printings. Frequently an artist receives a *commandirovka,* a commission to visit various parts of the Soviet Union to paint pictures on some definite theme. Thus last year, on the themes of the Five-Year Plan and Fifteen Years of the Red Army, Izogis sent out a hundred artists, the cooperative "Artist" fifty, and the Commissariat of Education fifty. The artists' expenses are paid and the pictures painted are their own.

There are many painters still working in the privacy of their studios without definite contracts or commissions. How do they dispose of their work? Individual buyers, though theoretically still possible, have disappeared. Paintings are acquired by museums, workers' clubs, trade unions, educational institutions. The provinces are among the best customers. As all important exhibitions travel to all large and small cities of the Soviet Union, sales are made all along the way. In certain instances the Commissariat of Education, to encourage the sales, pays from its own funds part of the price on condition that some public institution pay the rest. There are also "peoples' artists" receiving a monthly pension sufficient to keep them in comfort. What are the subjects painted? In most cases social and cultural subjects—the revolution, industrialization, cultural gains; but there are also still-lifes, landscapes, even nudes, even abstractions. There is, of course, no legal restriction as to subject matter, though Soviet critical opinion is overwhelmingly opposed to "neutral" art as a snare and delusion of bourgeois ideology. That such an attitude leads to abuse no one is more aware than the Soviet critics, who lambaste scathingly all shoddy work, repeatedly recalling Lenin's injunction about the working class deserving a great art.

A more intimate glimpse into the Soviet artist's life is afforded by the Artists' House in Moscow, a modern six-story structure equipped with hot and cold water, electricity, telephones, radio, solarium, public restaurant, laundry, nursery, library, exhibition room; in the yard a vegetable garden, fountain, flower bed, rabbit farm, tennis court. The project

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was initiated by the Association of Revolutionary Artists, designed by the architect Saveliev, and built in 1928-30 at a cost of 800,000 rubles, a tenth of which was furnished by the artists, the rest being a state loan to be paid back in sixty years. The rent for two- and three-room apartments, including heating, lighting, and payment on the loan, is 80 and 120 rubles a month respectively. Preparations are already being made for building a similar house on a lot next door, to include a publishing house, a printing-press, and a factory of applied work. A third lot is being considered, the aim being to establish an artists' quarter. Collective life is in every way encouraged. Thus, though there are facilities for washing and cooking in the privacy of the apartment, most members prefer to use the house laundry, restaurant, and nursery. There is an endless stream of social activities in the building—meetings, political and artistic discussions, participation in public campaigns, organization of artists' brigades to visit villages, factories, and Red Army units, or to help in the editing of "wall newspapers" and in the formation of amateur art groups.

"We regard ourselves," said one of the responsible officials of the house, "as part of the entire working-class army engaged in the building of socialism. The obstacles still in the way inspire us with greater efforts to overcome them. Beyond the immediate gains we look toward the ultimate ideal: 'From each according to his ability; to each according to his need.'"

In the Driftway

"BEWARE OF IMITATIONS" is the title of a little book unkindly published by the Viking Press. The Drifter says "unkindly" because the book shows the human race, genus Americanus, in the act of furious ratiocination, and the results are just a mite discouraging, considering the effort involved. "Beware of Imitations" is a simple compilation of some fifty patents duly issued by the United States Patent Office, with a diagram of each device and a description of it by its inventor. The compilers, A. E. Brown and H. A. Jeffcott, Jr., have added no comment. Comment, indeed, would be superfluous.

* * * * *

THERE is a design for a balloon propelled by eagles or vultures, in which birds are bound to the balloon and the contraption moves because of their flight. "It may be observed," says the inventor, "that the birds have only to fly, the direction of their flight being changed by the conductor quite independently of their own will." There is a combined plow and gun whose "utility as an implement of the twofold capacity described is unquestionable, especially when used in border localities." (Patent issued June 17, 1862.) There is a combined grocer's package, grater, slicer, and mouse and fly trap, which is described as being useful in all of these diverse directions. There is an "improved necktie and watch-guard combined"; a "combined matchsafe, pincushion, and trap"; and a "combined clothes-brush, flask, and drinking-cup." These combinations, however, which add ingenuity to difficulty in the making of a tool, are less striking than some of the simpler devices: for instance, a simple little tool for "shaping the upper lip," which when worn long enough causes "a depression to be formed in the upper surface and centrally of the upper lip . . . whereby the upper lip will eventually be changed to the form of the well-known Cupid's bow." The chewing-gum locket is another handy little trick; when worn by a ribbon around the neck it provides that chewing gum may "thus be carried conveniently upon the person, and is not left around carelessly to become dirty or to fall in the hands of persons to whom it does not belong and be used by ulcerous and diseased mouths, by which infection would be communicated by subsequent use to the owner."

* * * * *

THE Drifter has looked over the list carefully and he has a number of favorites. But probably none is more neat, compact, and ingenious than the artificial fish bait. This tool is constructed in the form of a small submarine with a hook at one end and at the bottom, and a catch for a line at the other end. The trick, however, is the insertion of a small mirror in the side. This, according to the inventor, insures the effectiveness of the bait in the following manner:

> A male fish, seeing his image looking therein, will appear to see another fish approach it from the opposite side with the intent to seize the bait, and this will not only arouse his warlike spirit, but also appeal to his greed, and he will seize the bait quickly in order to defeat the approaching rival. In case the fish is suspected of cowardice, I may make the mirror of convex form . . . in order that the rival or antagonist may appear to be smaller. In the case of a female fish, the attractiveness of a mirror is too well known to need discussion.

Patent for this invention was issued April 25, 1916!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Half-baked Communism"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sidney Hook, in the opening words of his review of Robert Briffault's book "Breakdown" in *The Nation* of June 8, states that "the only intelligible thing about Mr. Briffault's book is its enthusiasms." Since "enthusiasms" were apparently the only things intelligible to Mr. Hook, it is not surprising that in the thousand or more words that follow this declaration, which remind one of a Hegelian fog more than of anything else, he exhibited not the remotest symptom of comprehension of what the book is all about.

Mr. Hook objects to what he disingenuously calls Dr. Briffault's "ferocity." It is permissible to remark that it is just such lamblike desk-philosophers as Mr. Hook who, while paying lip service to doctrines conventionally esteemed "advanced," shudder in their lily-white skins at the thought of "violence." I do not know whether Mr. Hook approves of modern Russia and its ideals, and frankly I do not care, but Mr. Hook will reflect that it was violence that made modern Russia and its ideals possible. It is through violence that capitalism holds its sway, and it is only through violence that that sway will be broken.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Hook objects to Dr. Briffault's discussion of the relation between politics and culture, and in order to show how foolish Dr. Briffault is in demanding that the scientists and others take sides, he says, among other things, that "the meaning and validity of a scientific proposition are completely independent of whether science functions in a capitalist or Communist order." This statement is typical of many made by Mr. Hook in his review, and like them it is entirely untrue. If Mr. Hook is not philosopher enough to be aware of this, then he is not worth arguing with. What really matters, it seems to me, about the validity of a scientific proposition is not so much the name of the state in which it has been determined as that it shall gain acceptance. Does Mr. Hook really believe that the willingness with which scientific propositions are accepted is independent of the form of the society in which they are proposed?

New York, June 10 M. F. Ashley-Montagu

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wonder if you were aware of your fine art in publishing Sidney Hook's review of Robert Briffault's "Breakdown." Mr. Hook begins thus: "The only thing intelligible about Mr. Briffault's book is its enthusiasms." Enthusiasms about what? Evidently about unintelligible things! Anyone even slightly acquainted with the author knows him to be conspicuously intelligent in his enthusiasms. The reviewer not only does not know Mr. Briffault; he is evidently incapable of knowing him. Immediately one wonders why you published a review by one admitting that the book was beyond him.

But perhaps you have done exceptionally well. Since Mr. Briffault is convinced that traditional civilization cannot adapt itself to a changing world and must therefore collapse, what review could be better than one illustrating the reason for entertaining this thesis?

You selected a reviewer of known intellectual ability, who is at the same time a victim of traditional philosophy. His insistent refusal to admit the validity of the author's reasoning, his evasion of the true issues, his whole uncomprehending attitude are lovely illustrations of the non-adaptability of tradition-bound minds, the reason of the failure of a traditional civilization to be adjusted to a world of life and evolution.

Toledo, Ohio, June 8 Nelson Morris

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I claim a few lines of your space to comment, not on Sidney Hook's pathetic attack upon me in your issue of June 8, which has not the slightest importance to anyone, but on certain dangers of which it is an illustration and which are of real importance to advanced thinkers. Mr. Hook is evidently in sympathy with the Communist Party. It has been that party's policy to attack those radical thinkers who are most in accord with its aims but who are not members of the party. There is considerable historical and tactical justification for the policy, for communism has suffered enormously from "half-baked" supporters and renegades, and I do not criticize or blame the policy. What is regrettable is its effect upon many honest thinkers. I should like to remind these that neither incidental tactics nor unamiable and illiterate personalities should weigh in the balance of principles. These stand above such considerations. Nothing, therefore, should incline intellectuals to retaliate in act, word, or feeling against those who, to the best of their lights, sacrifice more to the cause of social justice than do many intellectuals. That cause will certainly not be served by permitting views or words to be deflected by personal irritations. I hope and trust that in the test of need the place of all honest and competent thinkers will be by the side of those who may have ignorantly attacked them.

New York, June 8 Robert Briffault

Harlan Miners

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The article Harlan County: Act of God? by J. C. Byars, Jr., in the June 15 issue of your publication contains a statement which is untrue and misleading in the extreme. I quote Mr. Byars as follows:

> One does not have to explore far into mountain lore to learn how quickly the mountaineer falls back on his rifle or his knife when in trouble. The I. W. W. came into the Kentucky field and for a while expanded its organization on this tendency. It was with some surprise that I heard on every hand of the fight waged against the I. W. W. by red [Communist] organizers. So positive has been the stand of the National Miners Union against violence and so vigorously has it combated the I. W. W. that the I. W. W. has been largely ousted from the Kentucky field.

It will be concluded from the above that the "red organizers"—Communists—are advocating non-violent methods in order to curb and counteract the direct-action propaganda of the terrible I. W. W. Practically every statement Mr. Byars makes is incorrect. The I. W. W. advocates a disciplined and well-organized general strike of the workers in all industries. The I. W. W. has always discouraged the use of violence in industrial disputes as the weapon of hopelessness and desperation. Such inaccuracies have been used in courts before now to secure convictions of I. W. W. members. And Mr. Byars's remarks may be used with other similar statements to send forty innocent miners to the electric chair or to prison for life.

The General Defense Committee, 555 West Lake Street, Chicago, entirely without assistance from the Communists, has been sending relief to the imprisoned miners and their families and carrying the heavy burden of legal defense and publicity. In addition to supporting the prisoners and their dependents our committee has sent to Harlan County case relief amounting to more than $2,500 and much clothing and food.

Speaking not only as secretary of the General Defense Committee but as one who has on various occasions been in Harlan and who knows the facts thoroughly, I ask you to rectify Mr. Byars's blunder before the results are irremediable.

Chicago, June 15 Herbert Mahler

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In *The Nation* for June 15 there is a story about Harlan, Kentucky. I am from Harlan. The story is a bit misleading, because written in the present tense; you'd think the National Miners Union had a soup kitchen in Harlan now, and that the miners in thousands were flocking into the union. Sadly enough, this is untrue. Several months ago it was true, but not now. Today nothing is left of the union.

I've lived among the miners all my life, and I know they want a union. In the beginning I was heart and soul with the National Miners Union; it went about the job with daring, and I had hopes. Even now I may be wrong; the odds may have been too great, the sheriff and his gunmen too powerful; but then there is the red-flag waving and the atheism; and it's a question, in my mind at least, whether the Communists were more interested in propagandizing communism or in building a miners' union.

In West Virginia, where the coal operators were just as stubborn and the "law" just as corrupt, the miners have a clean, militant, growing union, numbering more than 12,000. They even had a strike last year, just as the N. M. U. did in Harlan, and lost, but Frank Keeney and Tom Tippett of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action remained on the job,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rebuilt the union, and today the miners have their own candidates in the field! And the success of the one and the failure of the other may be a matter of approach, a matter of emphasis. Certainly what the West Virginia Mine Workers Union is doing is just as militant and soundly "labor" and revolutionary as anything any Trade Union Unity League organization has done. But there the emphasis was put upon actually organizing the miners to better their conditions, while the N. M. U. in Harlan, Communist inspired and led as it was, and impatient for action, waved the red flag. I'm bitter about it, because the miners in Harlan want a union. They thought they had found one that would stick with them. But the union is gone and the miners are greatly disillusioned.

New York, June 28 TESS HUFF

The Appeal to Justice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. E. Haldeman-Julius has written me that I was incorrect when I charged him, in my recent article on Norman Thomas, with changing the name of the *Appeal to Reason* during the war to the *New Appeal.* I am glad to exonerate him from personal responsibility for this change of title and policy, although I wish he had thrown in his lot with those Socialists who openly opposed the war. But when the change of title occurred, he was not connected with the paper. Mr. Haldeman-Julius states that later he joined the staff as an employee, "with no editorial or business responsibility," and that when he finally obtained control he "changed the name back to the *Appeal to Reason* and eliminated its pro-war policy."

New York, June 22 DEVERE ALLEN

PLAYS

"ANOTHER LANGUAGE"
A New Play by ROSE FRANKEN With GLENN ANDERS
DOROTHY STICKNEY, MARGARET WYCHERLY, JOHN BEAL
"Remarkably evocative, subtle, beautiful and tender, and as real as the truth. A splendid achievement of acting and direction."
—J. BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times.
BOOTH THEATRE—45th St., West of Broadway
Eves. 8:50—Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

Another Language—Booth—45 St., W. of B'way.

A Thousand Summers—Selwyn—42 St.

Bridal Wise—Cort—W. 48 St.

Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.

Face the Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.

Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.

Show Boat—Casino—7 Ave. at 50 St.

The Cat and the Fiddle—Cohan—43 St. & B'way.

Finance

How Germany May Pay

THE formula that German obligations to private investors abroad must take precedence over reparations payments—a formula on which Germany has strongly insisted—seems likely to prevail; the French, in spite of their great stake in reparations and the comparatively minor holdings of French investors in the Reich, have not even suggested that the priority of the two classes of claims be reversed. The hollow ground upon which reparations stand, once the idea of collection through military force is abandoned, could hardly be more strikingly illustrated. Whatever Germany pays in the near future will be paid to the banks and individuals abroad who have advanced short-term or long-term credits to German corporations, towns, states, banks, business firms, and to the Reich itself.

When this is said, however, the manner and degree in which these obligations will be met at maturity remain in extreme uncertainty, as is clearly shown by their prices on the security markets. An issue of $10,000,000 Saxon Public Works (state-controlled electric utility) 5 per cent notes, guaranteed by the Free State of Saxony, matures on July 15. At this writing the notes are selling at about 41, a price substantially above that of a few months ago. The next maturity consists of $25,000,000 Deutsche Bank 6 per cent notes, payable on September 1. These, although the unguaranteed obligation of a private institution (in which, however, the Reichsbank has nearly a one-third stock interest) command a price of 80. The Saxon notes will not be paid, and will be the first German issue to default. Holders are offered a new 6 per cent note plus 5 per cent in cash, with the explanation that the authorities have refused permission to transfer the necessary funds abroad.

All transfers of money out of Germany are under the control of the Reichsbank, to which all foreign credits owned by Germans must be sold, and which in turn rations those credits to Germans having payments to make abroad. Unless the foreign funds are forthcoming from the central bank, the German debtor is powerless to remit to his foreign creditor. He may, and does, pay the amount owed, in equivalent Reichsmarks, into a German bank, but he can do no more. The country's rapidly dwindling excess of merchandise exports over imports and the fact that no more loans are being advanced by foreigners have reduced the supply of foreign exchange below the amount adequate to provide for German payments abroad. This is the "transfer" problem which vexed both the Dawes and Young committees, and of which no solution is forthcoming.

There is a possible solution. If transfers are suspended on an increasing number and amount of foreign obligations and the amounts due paid in Reichsmarks into "blocked" accounts within Germany, obviously foreigners will before long possess a substantial amount of German currency which should be available to purchase German goods for export. This would be a roundabout way of arriving at that payment in goods which, it is insisted, is the only way in which Europe can finally liquidate its debts to the United States. Under existing German regulations, even this method of balancing accounts may not prove feasible, for apparently the German exporter is expected actually to obtain a foreign credit for what he sells abroad, and turn it over to the Reichsbank. As matters stand, the credit has actually been obtained in advance, and refusal to permit it to be canceled through shipment of commodities would come close to repudiation. If exports were permitted against those otherwise almost useless balances, German dollar bonds would have an actual, if uncertain, value, based upon their commodity purchasing power.

S. PALMER HARMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Architecture

Last Hour

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

No dial, no clock hand, no perfunctory chime
Marks what we know as having come to pass:
One moment unaccountable to Time,
Beyond the ebb of the inverted glass.
So in that bright nihility we rest
Waiting the turn, the pendulum's new arc,
A starry interval, a burning crest
Between the light and some eventual dark.

Earth will plunge headlong soon enough, will toss
Her mane of waters into spinning spray,
The foundering vessel and the Albatross,
Harbor and beacon, lost and swept away.
Lean to my heart and listen; for no clock
Will strike the hour that cedes us Ragnarok!

Germany

The German Crisis. By H. R. Knickerbocker. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
The Germans. By George N. Shuster. The Dial Press. $3.
Thoughts on Germany. By Richard von Kühlmann. Translated by Eric Sutton. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

MR. KNICKERBOCKER'S series of articles on Germany does not compare in interest and accuracy with his series on Russia, which won him the Pulitzer prize. His book suffers, moreover, from the fact that the situation in Germany is changing from day to day, and that newspaper articles printed in one month may misrepresent the actual situation the next month. Moreover, Mr. Knickerbocker guessed wrong in several instances. For example, he declared that Von Epp would be the Nazi candidate for President and poll fifteen million votes, and that the Communists would get six million. The latter actually polled four and one-half million, and it was not Von Epp who ran for the Nazis, but Hitler, and even this leader did not get more than eleven and a half million votes.

At times one has a feeling that Mr. Knickerbocker's orientation is in part due to the sensational title put over his articles when they first appeared: "Behind the German Smoke Screen," the suggestion being that the Germans were hiding the truth about themselves and their position behind a camouflage. One feels that he is writing to make his facts fit this thesis. He is at his best when he does not write in a forced style about the gay resorts in Berlin, which are supported not by Germans but by foreign visitors to the capital, but when he himself goes into the slums of Berlin, and into the desperate, starving small manufacturing towns of Saxony, where the poor people are but one degree away from the Chinese famine sufferers. Then he writes with sympathy and understanding and moving power. As it is, however, the book is sketchy and incomplete. There is nothing in it about Bavaria, Baden, East Prussia, Silesia, the farm districts, the trade unions, the moderate Socialists, and no picture at all of the feeling of the millions of middle-class Germans who are still working but have had to lower their standards of life in a most deplorable degree.

In brief, this volume has all the defects of a tract written for the moment, with the newspaperman's eye for that which is the sensation of the hour—in this case the Nazis and the Communists. It would be well for Mr. Knickerbocker to stick to his reporting, free it from sensationalism and propaganda in accordance with a preconceived theory; for he is capable of very fine work and has great energy and vitality, though he seems to lack political instinct. Like several of the recently published books on Germany this one suffers greatly from the lack of an index.

So does Mr. Shuster's volume, "The Germans," especially as its table of contents is so short. This seriously injures its value as a reference book. In many ways Mr. Shuster's is the most readable and comprehensive of the recent group of books on Germany. Most of his judgments are sound, though leaning to conservatism. He shows a remarkably detailed acquaintance with Germany ranging over a long period of years, and a thorough understanding of the spirit of the country. Without being loaded up with statistics his book is very informative. It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that it is marred by numerous inaccuracies in names, and occasionally in facts. Thus Bronner becomes Brunner; Stehr becomes Steyre; Bocksgesang becomes Böckgesang; Wechsler becomes Weschssler; Fritz von Thyssen is promoted to Baron Thyssen; Furtwängler becomes Furtwangler, while Lieutenant Colonel Düsterberg, the recent candidate for President, is reduced in rank to a lieutenant. Mene Tekel becomes Mane Thekel, etc. The trial of the Nazi lieutenants in the winter of 1931 took place not at Ulm but at Leipzig. Again, Mr. Shuster's figures (p. 59) as to the number of Reichstag members is erroneous, and there were not sixteen parties which elected candidates in September, 1930, but thirteen, to which one more was added by a split after the election. As to Mr. Shuster's judgments, it does not seem correct or just to declare that "in the stress of Hitler excitement the *Berliner Tageblatt* became a prejudiced, parochial, and quite undependable journal." There may perhaps have been a short time when it seemed to have lost its balance, but it remains a great, a distinguished, and a fighting liberal journal. It was also rather unfortunate to publish in a book, just after the Reichstag election in which Hitler polled eleven and a half million votes, this sentence: "Hitler's 7,000,000 voters congregated almost overnight; many of them have disbanded almost as rapidly." There is also evidence that Mr. Shuster is wrong in saying that Hitler did not consent to or have any knowledge of the plan that the Nazi representatives should walk out of the Reichstag. That this would be done was announced in the press some days before the action was taken.

As the title of his book indicates, Herr von Kühlmann has brought together some random sketches and notes—some almost too brief and superficial to be included in a serious volume. But the book has value if only because it throws light upon the present mentality of the writer, who, it will be remembered, was an official in the German Foreign Office in the last part of the war. That he has not been entirely cured of his old prepossessions is apparent: he still believes that "the old army was a good education for life and an excellent conclusion for a boy's school days. The rising generation's deprivation of this training is a loss to the German nation." When one recalls what that old militarism was, how great was the cruelty and the iron discipline of the old barrack life, with its Zabern and other incidents, and when one recalls the dominance of the supercaste of officers that it created, it is astounding to have as intelligent a man as Herr von Kühlmann write as he does.

The conservatism of this author's mind is also shown by his description of bolshevism asserting itself "not merely to subvert all forms of family, social, and economic life, but to destroy the structure of history and religion and even to remold human nature." On the other hand, it is pleasant to read his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opinion that a dictatorship, whether fascist or bolshevist, would only destroy the progress toward recovery that has been made in Germany, and plunge that unhappy country into deeper misery. Striking, too, in view of what has happened, is his statement that "Parliament, in placing Chancellor Brüning at the head of the State, chose the personality who by nature and gifts is best fitted for such an office."

Herr von Kühlmann is so able and intelligent that it is a source of regret that he takes the course he does. One feels at all times that he knows a great deal better than he speaks or writes, as, for example, when he sums up the whole lesson of the German downfall in these words: "Germany must return to the principle that Bismarck held to be indispensable for the country when she was strong and flourishing—namely, to a policy of extreme caution, guided always by the main idea of preventing the formation of fresh overwhelming coalitions by every means at her disposal." This and nothing more!

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A Modern Novelist

A Modern Hero. By Louis Bromfield. Frederick A. Stokes. $2.50.

ISABEL PATERSON said recently of Mr. Bromfield that he was the sort of author one enjoys reading but shrinks from rereading. The comment focuses the dissatisfaction with which the last page of his novels leaves us—the feeling that somehow we should be much more moved by his ambitious stories, his large-scale characters, his "scope," and his "vitality" than we actually are. It is not that he is fooling us—he has written only one thoroughly dishonest book, "Twenty-Four Hours"—but rather that he is fooling himself. He hides his head in the sand to escape facing the bitter question: Is this the uttermost, the absolute uttermost, that can be done with this material? Again and again, in "The Green Bay Tree" and "A Good Woman," and now in "A Modern Hero," he projects themes of Balzacian, or at least Galsworthian, proportions, works at them with the greatest energy—but somehow fails to load them with the tragic weight their dimensions call for. At the crucial moments in each of his novels everything deserts him save sheer narrative skill. Conflict weakens to melodrama; his insight suddenly stands revealed as the intelligent cynicism of a superior man of the world; the carefully built-up characters flicker out as the "problem" of the novel emerges with painfully simple clarity; and one closes the volume quite ready to telephone the second-hand book dealer.

In proportion as Mr. Bromfield endears himself to the patrons of rental libraries his artistic stature diminishes. Today even the most fervent admirers of his early books find themselves a little puzzled at his lack of progress; for "A Modern Hero" is surely less interesting than was "The Green Bay Tree," and cannot even be compared with "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg." At times, in fact, it comes perilously close to dulness. Why is it that the talented young writer who was hailed at the outset as "a new fixed star in the American literary firmament" should have dimmed so rapidly?

It is because the star has remained fixed. Mr. Bromfield has learned nothing new since his first novel. His geographical knowledge has increased—mainly some small annexations in the Park Avenue and Sutton Place regions—but nothing else. A few stock themes and "strong situations" still fascinate him: the spectacle of the aging, once attractive woman; the tragedy of the strong male ruined by too many females; the superiority of Parisian salon culture to American provincialism; the psychic domination of American women. All these themes he has treated with the worldly intelligence of a high-grade clubman. None of them has he really come to grips with. None of them has he pursued to their deep roots in our social and economic structure. None of them has he grasped *historically.* An adept at recognizing surface social phenomena and types, he gives them that apparently portentous and actually sentimental overtone which sends thoughtless readers into a sweetly solemn reverie—the voluptuous brooding, the and-life-goes-on mood. Louis Bromfield may not be the American Galsworthy, but surely Vicki Baum is the German Louis Bromfield.

His latest novel shows up nicely his truncated talent. It deals with the tragedy of the exploiting temperament. The central character is Pierre Radier, a circus rider of romantic antecedents who possesses that peculiar come-hither dark handsomeness and that introspective egotism with which non-Jewish novelists inevitably endow their Jewish or partly Jewish heroes. (Will Mr. Wodehouse please write a novel about a tow-headed, snub-nosed young man who enjoys life and makes other people enjoy it, and whose name is Hymie Glubkin?) Pierre Radier's life is ruined by his desire for power, by the fatal attraction he exerts on women, and by his inability to extract any final values either from them or his own career. This is a perfectly good subject—in fact, Theodore Dreiser did pretty well by it some years ago in "The Titan" and "The Financier"—but Mr. Bromfield does very little to make us believe either in the personality of his hero or in the symbolic importance of his tragedy.

In the first place, the problem of representing the two chief traits of Pierre's character—his sexual and personal charm and his ruthless ability to rise in the world—is shirked by the author. Pierre encounters a succession of women—and what stock types they are: the farm girl, wise in her strong, stoic simplicity; the anemic, repressed industrialist's daughter, bound up in her sour domestic banalities; the middle-aged woman of the world, tender, understanding, sacrificing; and the hard, coldly erotic, calculating, high-grade international adventuress. All these women make a bee-line for Pierre. Why? We are told he is the typical *homme fatal;* but though the results of his fatal charm are stated again and again, the charm itself is simply chucked at us without convincing demonstration. As for his rise from bareback rider to capitalist, Mr. Bromfield gives us the whole story minus a shred of evidence. Pierre encounters a man named Müller who is a natural mechanical genius; this accident precipitates him into the growing automobile business; and then the old Radier allure works on the boss's daughter. The outline of his career is preposterous Horatio Alger hokum. We are supposed to believe that his force and charm would have operated even without these favorable circumstances; but while we are convinced of the amiable fortuitousness of the circumstances, we remain thoroughly skeptical of the force and the charm.

Mr. Bromfield's failure is one of intelligence, which is to say, it is a failure of conscience and of nerve. The problem of the exploiting temperament, particularly as it manifests itself in our industrial society, cannot be solved by the projection of half a dozen "vivid" characters or by the elaboration of a picturesque plot. If Mr. Bromfield is going to call his book "A Modern Hero" he must be prepared to expose, in all its tragic detail, the irony of the title. That is what Theodore Dreiser did when he called his novel "An American Tragedy." He needed two large, slow, carefully thought-out, massively organized volumes in which to do the job—but he made a very fair go of it. Why? Because he realized then—and now, five years later, probably realizes even more clearly—the tragic interrelation of his hero and the American background from which his hero emerged. Because Clyde is closely studied *as a historical end-product,* he convinces us; he is real; he is American. But Mr. Bromfield cannot bother to study those forces which make possible his Pierre Radier. He is afraid to touch on the real weakness of Pierre, to expose its roots in a rotting social sys-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tem. He refuses to see that Pierre's egotism is not only a defect of personality, not merely a picturesque and exciting vital urge, a convenient character trait with which to generate a story and produce a melodramatic catastrophe—but a blindness that is part and parcel of the whole competitive post-Civil War industrial system. The roots of Pierre's failure lie not merely in his unstable biological inheritance but in that unthinking economic *arrivisme* which is the peculiar expression of the stupidity of the petty bourgeois, as fake cultural *arrivisme* is the expression of the stupidity of the big bourgeois.

Had Mr. Bromfield's intelligence, his conscience, his nerve been equal to the task of really writing a book about a modern hero in these terms, he would not, as the genteel critic might say, have turned out a "sociological novel." He would have created a character seen as a historical totality, a character set roundly and solidly in his time, a 'modern hero" in every sense of the phrase. Either Mr. Bromfield recognized the problem and was too modest to attempt its solution, or—this is more likely—he did not see it at all.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

A Victorian Sundial

Men and Memories. Volume II. By Sir William Rothenstein. Coward-McCann. $5.

SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN has done it again. By this I mean that he has here repeated the extraordinary success of his first volume of memoirs, and apparently there is no stopping the man. No doubt he can go on forever at the pace he has set for himself. The chatty, informal, decorous style flows onward: there is just the right proportion of anecdotal levity, the right seasoning of celebrated names. He has now rounded the curve of the last century into more difficult times, away from his own generation of Max Beerbohm and the *Yellow Book* into Edwardian and Georgian England. But times are never difficult for Rothenstein; he is supremely poised, voluble, and gracious. The names of his characters change; there are new heroes in the illustrated weeklies and in the art and literary supplements of the daily papers. Rothenstein sees and hears them all; he remains the same.

The new figures of the second volume (supplanting Pater, Swinburne, Wilde, Whistler, Beerbohm, Sargent, and Verlaine) are Augustus John, Tagore, W. H. Hudson, Joseph Conrad, Sir William Orpen, Eric Gill, and Epstein. It is John who takes the honors here, and his first wife, Ida, whose letters, personal and of no deliberate consequence, revive the spirit of the moment, the very hour in which she wrote them down; they are not many—possibly three or four—but they contain the essence of what has made the correspondence of Jane Welsh Carlyle a minor classic in English literature.

Before more names are listed and before more anecdotes are told, Rothenstein himself demands examination. Here he assumes more prominence than in the first book, for he has matured, gained something of a reputation in British art circles, and is a leader of the New English Art Club, whose influence at last entered the Royal Academy. By merely glancing over the surfaces of his memoirs one might say that he was living in the Golden Age of English art and letters: here are his masters of painting—Orpen and Augustus John! The disquieting thing about this impression is the slow conviction of its falsity. Beneath the round of dinner parties, genial, witty, almost never malicious conversation, something is wrong. Surely Augustus John has all the manner of a giant. His letters are written in the best style of Stafford House, spontaneous, easy, and embellished with vigorous, neat abbreviations of words and phrases, a style more recently acquired by Ezra Pound—these are the attributes of nothing less than a great man. Very well, John was and still is a great personality, and anyone who has read "Point Counter Point" will recognize the fact. But he is not, for all his power of draftsmanship, a first-rate artist. His sensuous ladies have real bodies, real arms and legs; his portraits have an air of inexhaustible vitality—and yet today much of his strength seems meaningless; its gestures are incomplete. As for Sir William Orpen, he had all the modesty of greatness; a small, alert man with the inferiority complex that so often marks the Irishman. His work contained whole oceans of sunlight, and was skilful, sharp, and, judged by academic or popular standards, somewhat spectacular; yet we know already that little of what he has done deserves to live. And Rothenstein himself has all the limitations of a man of great charm; he knows his rules and abides by them, and is successful as a politician and a writer.

One of the great defects of English painting during the period covered by Rothenstein has been the influence of a literary imagination. It is an art of illustration, or the visual conception of a literary idea. There are times when such an art produces good portraiture, but the idea never becomes fully translated into terms of clay and stone, paint or pastel. The traces of its origin remain. The Paris school, for all its "artiness" today, for all its lack of content and general odor of decay, always trained the minds of its students to think in terms of painting. In England the literary tradition was too strong; it overwhelmed the artist; too early he became a secondary figure in the arts, a polite adjunct to the social-literary salon of the period in which he lived. Much of Epstein's difficulty with the British critic and the public may be traced back to this tradition; it is only by the force of his own convictions that he has survived—and it is to Rothenstein's credit that he was among the first to defend Epstein's genius.

But there is something more to be discovered in Rothenstein's classic memoirs (for they have the atmosphere of an imperishable record), something beyond the mere gossip and the flawless manner of telling an amusing story that includes a number of great names. We are given the life of a successful artist, a man who must have kept a careful journal of all that he saw and heard daily, and filed his commentary in a safe place, not forgetting a complete notation of all the letters he received as well as copies of his own. We must remember that the dates covered by this second volume include the years of the Great War. During this period Rothenstein became a public figure, and with Augustus John and Orpen was commissioned to make official records of the war on canvas. It was not only possible for him to meet everyone from Thomas Hardy to Albert Einstein and MacDonald, but now his profession became a duty, and a patriotic duty at that. Rothenstein is like the sentimental sundial that can mark time for only sunny hours; the storms, the dark days are a blank; we must consult our watches. Despite the air of cheerfulness, despite his very real enjoyment of his duty, despite the fine places where he lived and visited, in country and in town, there is a sunset glamor cast over the entire scene, something ominous, as though we were reading a history of the decline of bourgeois art. The very weaknesses of the artists who surrounded Rothenstein, local and particular as such weaknesses may be, seem to indicate social corruption—and the victory of the politician (literary or graphic) over the artist. Rothenstein's perfect social graces, the social graces of a ruling class, delightful as they may seem to us, are oversensitized. His liking for the pale, inoffensive mysticism of Tagore is a significant example.

Rothenstein is by no means completely unconscious of this last interpretation of his work, for he says: "I once called Picasso the gigolo of geometry. . . . We are singing, maybe, the swan song of luxury before a new social order sweeps it away."

HORACE GREGORY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have-nots and Know-nots

Rebels and Renegades. By Max Nomad. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THE rebels and renegades Mr. Nomad deals with in this volume, Malatesta, Briand, Scheidemann, MacDonald, Trotzky, Mussolini, Pilsudski, and Foster, are analyzed in terms of a philosophy which is challenging and original. The whole approach is new in America. Inspired by the doctrines of the Polish revolutionary Waclaw Machajski, Mr. Nomad, a revolutionary himself, has projected in this book a vigorous analysis of civilization as well as a striking series of portraits.

It was Machajski who once startled Trotzky, while they were both exiles in Siberia, by his criticisms of bolshevism from the left. Machajski's theory revolves about the problem of the intellectuals as well as the proletariat. In the eyes of Machajski and his disciple Max Nomad, the revolution must go through two stages instead of one: the first stage is the revolution of the have-nots against the haves, a revolution which has been successfully achieved already in Soviet Russia, and the second stage is the revolt of the know-nots against the knows, the manual workers against the intellectuals. In the opinion of Mr. Nomad, the intellectuals who join the revolutionary movement do so not because of their sympathy with the proletariat but because of their unconscious or conscious ambition to assume the positions of power in the new society after the power of the capitalists has been overthrown. In his portraits of Briand, Scheidemann (an ex-worker intellectual), MacDonald, Mussolini, and Pilsudski the author takes great pains to show how completely the careers of these men confirm his theory of interpretation. In short, for the sake of their own interests they betrayed the interests of the working class upon whose shoulders they rose to power. But Mr. Nomad does not stop there. Despite his sympathies for Trotzky and Foster, he does not conceive of their role as being the ultimately revolutionary one they declare it to be. He is convinced, on the other hand, that even the phrases of the Marxians, promising the workers a new world founded upon their interests, are false.

What the Marxians are really interested in, in Mr. Nomad's opinion, is the substitution of the rule of the intellectuals for that of the capitalists. The Communist Party in Soviet Russia or in any other country, he is convinced, is not primarily interested in the fate of the proletariat. Its appeal to the proletariat is only the means which it uses in its struggle to attain power. What it is interested in, as in Soviet Russia today, is the establishment of the rule of the intellectuals, the domination of the knows over the know-nots. The Communist Party in Soviet Russia, in Mr. Nomad's opinion, has become a new ruling class, with the rest of the population rendered subservient to it. But that is an inevitable phase in the revolutionary process. The next phase will come when the manual workers, the know-nots, revolt against the rule of the intellectuals and establish absolute equality of income, the *sine qua non* of genuine communism, and absolute equality of education. Opposed to Marxism as a form of theology, Mr. Nomad is convinced that Marxian doctrine has become a tool by which the intellectuals have been able to deceive the manual workers into an acceptance of the rulership of the intellectuals. But the class struggle will go on—it is only the class-struggle aspect of Marxism which Mr. Nomad accepts—and in the next phase of the revolution the manual workers will rise and by threat of force create "equalization of wages for manual and mental workers . . . make higher education accessible to all alike," and thus turn over "a new page in human history."

The weakness in Mr. Nomad's theory, and in the whole philosophy of Machajski, is in its assumption that the intellectuals themselves can constitute a ruling class and retain power when they represent no definite or distinct productive unit in society. Every ruling class in the past has acquired power by virtue of its control of the economic resources of society. The feudal nobility possessed land; the capitalists possess machinery—but what would the intellectuals possess? Political power, Mr. Nomad would reply, but political power is a function of economic power, and in a society such as Soviet Russia today, where economic power is built about a social matrix, it is impossible for the intellectuals to establish themselves as an economic class and rule in that capacity. The very nature of the new economy would defeat such a possibility. While Mr. Nomad's stress upon absolute equality of wages has meaning in terms of the future, to demand it in terms of the present, regardless of contradicting circumstances, seems a little too utopian. Besides, there is nothing in the structure of Soviet economy to indicate that equality of wages will not be meted out to all in time, manual workers as well as mental, and that the Communist formula, "To everyone according to his needs and from everyone according to his ability," will not be realized in its full import. On the contrary, it is only the logic of the proletarian state which insures that development.

If in his foreword and concluding chapter Mr. Nomad falls into the utopian fallacy in his interpretation of the function of the Soviet state, he does not distort historical fact in the chapters devoted to interpretations of the lives of his eight rebels and renegades. Indeed, one of the most amazing things about the book is that despite the author's particular approach —and if we were to classify it in terms of American nomenclature we should call it an expression of philosophical I.W.W.ism—he never converts history into a form of falsification in order to illustrate his thesis. That virtue alone is enough to make his book singularly compelling and challenging. The studies of such traitors to the revolutionary movement as Mussolini and Pilsudski are done with superb skill. While the essay on Briand is brilliant in parts, it does not possess the excellence of certain of the others. The study of Malatesta, the Italian anarchist, is perhaps the most sympathetic in the book. Rich in specific insights and observations as the studies of Trotzky and Foster are, on the whole they fail to add much to what has been written about these men in the past, and they leave one with a sense of regret that much that might have been said has been left unsaid. No one, however, has written a better exposé of the renegade Scheidemann, and if other exposés of the turncoat MacDonald have recounted many of the same facts that the author records, no one in recent days, at least not since Trotzky's "Whither England?" has done a more thorough job of annihilation.

V. F. CALVERTON

The Essential Issue

Prohibition Versus Civilization. By Harry Elmer Barnes. The Viking Press. $1.

THIS little book by Professor Barnes is a brilliant and forcible piece of pamphleteering. It represents scholarly journalism at its best. There is probably no subject that has been discussed more often in the last decade than prohibition. Yet the attack of Professor Barnes sounds amazingly fresh. It derives this quality partly from the phrasing of its individual arguments, but even more from its method of approach, and its rare spirit of honesty and candor. No problem has probably ever been so much confused by secondary considerations as prohibition. The purpose of Professor Barnes is to face the essential issue of the prohibition question, which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he considers to be the harmlessness of "civilized drinking."

If rum were the demon it is represented to be in dry tracts, no price would be too high to pay for enforcing national prohibition. In the face of the necessity for social control it would be idle to prate of the freedom of the individual. Professor Barnes, however, sees in prohibition only the expression of a dry psychosis. Having rid himself of extraneous issues, he can frankly make admissions which are usually avoided by wets. Thus he points out that the loss of internal revenue resulting from prohibition is little more than ex-Secretary Mellon turned back to wealthy taxpayers in rebates on inheritance and income taxes. He also admits that repeal would actually increase unemployment, and at least temporarily aggravate the crime situation by driving the bootleggers into more dangerous channels. Even in the spirit of "lawlessness" supposed to be the result of prohibition, he sees a possible good in increasing dissatisfaction with existing legal institutions.

There will doubtless be some old-fashioned liberals to quarrel with Professor Barnes. His appeal is to physical science, to the biological experiments which show that the moderate use of alcohol is actually beneficial. Still, even if the contrary could be shown, it might be argued that prohibition would be unwise in the absence of a preponderant sentiment in its favor. It may be admitted that the freedom of the individual is not sacred. Nevertheless, there may be many social risks in reforming a nation against its will. As a matter of fact, Professor Barnes does not abandon his liberal principles entirely. In the end he somewhat inconsistently denounces the courts for failing to interpose supposed legal and constitutional obstacles to prohibition. It is true that the courts have not shown a like tenderness to social legislation, but the remedy should hardly be a further raid upon legislative autonomy.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

The Nationalist Spirit

The Historical Evolution of Modern Nationalism. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. Richard R. Smith. $3.50.

A GOOD deal of what is said or written today about nationalism not only contrasts nationalism and internationalism as if the two had no points of contact, but also implies that nationalism is a quite definite theory or point of view as well as one distinctly disagreeable. Nationalists, one gathers, think the same thoughts and use the same phrases whatever the difference of language, look about as much alike as men who wear ready-made clothes, and agree in opposing the international world-order from which such blessings as mankind now needs are destined to flow. Professor Hayes, who is one of the leading students of the subject in this country, points out in the lectures that make up his book that historically there is no one prevailing type of nationalism, and that both the earlier and the later exponents of the idea often make place for internationalism in their thought. It is natural that they should do so, for the nationalist theory that was a product of eighteenth-century "enlightenment" envisaged a group of self-conscious European states which together should work for human betterment, while even the Jacobin nationalists of the French Revolution "instituted or confirmed a host of reforms which they knew to be good, not only for themselves, but for everyone." When reaction against the Jacobin school intensified their nationalism, they still "altruistically and enthusiastically" fought and killed. The traditional nationalists, also, who reacted from both the principles and the conduct of the French revolutionaries and felt more concern for the fate of the classes than for that of the masses, were themselves humanitarians.

Neither to the masses nor to the political philosophers, however, does Professor Hayes ascribe the creation of modern nationalism. "Philosophers, by fashioning and expressing it as doctrine, may have contributed indirectly to its vogue; the 'masses,' by accepting and acting on it, have undoubtedly contributed directly to its vogue." He accordingly divides his book pretty equally between a review of the writings of the philosophers from Herder, Bolingbroke, and Rousseau through Carnot, Barère, Burke, Schlegel, Bentham, Guizot, and Mazzini down to the "integral" school of Taine, Barrès, and Maurras, and summary sketches of the political or economic course of events which put theory into practice.

When it comes to explaining why nationalism has been given such great vogue in modern times, Professor Hayes frankly confesses that "we really do not know." Economic developments have "made for nationalism, and for more and more intense nationalism," but this does not mean that they are either its cause or the explanation of its sweep and hold. Modern religious skepticism, he thinks, may have had something to do with it, and still more "the growth of a belief that the state, particularly the national state, can and should promote human progress."

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Shorter Notices

Southern Road. By Sterling Brown. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Mr. Brown has made use of the Negro folk themes and feeling in a new way. Folk poetry of suffering, of native humor, of primitive frankness becomes in this volume of poems the source from which the poet himself draws his own authentic interpretations of the meaning of Negro life. These are no mere rewritings of Negro folk songs; they are the modern Negro speaking in his native rhythms, his own finely poetic imagery, his own language. They are written in no artificial dialect, but in the natural racy speech of the Negro of today. And they have, moreover, a truly universal significance as good poetry, and as poetry which is true of all peoples who have known submission, bravery, and naive optimism. Odyssey of Big Boy is the odyssey of any simple, live, and recklessly vital soul:

> Done took my livin' as it came,
> Done grabbed my joy, done risked my life;

Slim Greer is a character whom everyone will recognize:

> Talkinges' guy
> An' biggest liar,
> With always a new lie
> On the fire.

And the cycle of poems concerned with this Negro character is delightfully humorous. Most of Mr. Brown's poems are made to be read aloud; one hears the rich Negro voice behind them. And the poet succeeds always in his projection of the authentic Negro emotion. The poems in literary English, on the other hand, are not convincing.

Minnie Maylow's Story and Other Tales and Scenes. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The thirteen poems in "Minnie Maylow's Story" make it clearer than ever that John Masefield has lost his grip. He is a poet with nothing to write about. Aside from the sonnets in "Lollingdown Downs," his best work is, obviously, in the long narrative poems from "The Everlasting Mercy" to "Reynard the Fox." In these poems, writing about the common people and utilizing that almost Chaucerian power of observation that is his greatest gift, he said very well what he had to say. But unwilling to repeat himself, he began looking about for other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suitable themes; he has never found them. In this volume he has four playlets on historical subjects, two narratives concerned with the Tristram legend, various other narrative poems, and an imitation of Chaucer. All of them are dull and few have any distinguished lines. In the lighter poems the underlying bitterness is unmistakable.

Architecture

Dishes to Break

FRIENDS have been showing us their new dishes. Poor innocent souls, they do not know that the pattern they are so crazy about is already obsolete. The blue flowers themselves are pretty enough; but that is not to the point. The point is that the internationalists who dictate the latest mode have declared against painted flowers of *any* sort, and that goes for dishes too.

The man who started all this, as much as anyone did, was the Austrian Adolf Loos, though his viewpoint differed from that of the internationalists. It was a matter of taste. To the man of the Renaissance, so declared Loos (I forget the exact passage), there was nothing repugnant about eating his elaborately ornamented peacocks, pheasants, and pastry castles from a dish on which was portrayed a whole battle of the Amazons. But the modern man prefers straight beefsteak; he wants none of these "stuffed carcasses"; he wants the material itself. And he hasn't the iron nerves that would permit him to pick it off the bodies of the battling ladies, or to flow gravy over the rape of Proserpine. The dish must be plain.

Unfortunately my own taste is not quite so fine. When it comes to the house as a whole, then it is true I am sick of moldings and foliage. After how short a span of years they become sticks and garbage! Two days of illness in bed suffice for a man to exhaust the pattern of almost any wallpaper. The house as we know it has to last a good long time. But when it comes to a dish, I am not so cautious. At home we have a dish with peaches painted on it that has managed to last five years, and is still an inviting object to reach for on the shelf. Our haphazard collection has some other colorful ones. We like plain dishes better if they are first class; but the quality of design and workmanship in a plain one has to be so superior that good plain ones are rare.

When our dishes tire us, we have a simple expedient. Yet the trouble is that the next one to break will just as likely as not be the peach one. A dish is first of all a problem in washing and breaking. No matter what pretty pattern you have chosen, you will have to wash grease from it three times every day, and you are meanwhile carefully trying to make its days go on forever.

That is the paradox of the dish. Fragile as it is, if it doesn't break, it will never wear out. And on this paradox, in the past, rested in large part the subjugation of women. They played the little game. Three times a day they carried their precious dishes through the death hazard. This kept them busy —and concerned. The cleverest, most masterful man let the lady have very pretty ones.

Now that women have freed themselves anyway, what is the use? The chief function remaining to the clay dish is to keep salesmen busy pushing elaborate dish-washing machines at us to take the woman's place. These most modern devices are to be put in the service of what is most ancient and unchanged. They are to preserve for the future ruins of Pittsburgh and Toledo the same crockery content that marks the excavations of Chichen-Itzá.

But why? What we really *like* to do, style or no style, is to go to the ten-cent store and buy some paper ones that can be thrown away after a picnic. This country needs a genius to domesticate and to perfect the paper plate. After the meal, scoop up the silver, if you are conventional enough still to have it, and then sweep the dishes right into the trash. What a relief! In the future, fine crockery and glassware as utensils will be found only in the decaying mansion of the one surviving millionaire. The rest of us will not see any because the samples will be in the museums.

Since the dish will be so wholly ephemeral, I see no reason why it cannot be as gaudy as the whim of the day, or as austere. There is a guiding principle of design that covers the case; it was laid down in the first decade of our century by the same Adolf Loos whom I have been quoting, and it needs only to be brought up to date. He declared that the design must be good enough to hold up as long as the material does. If the design goes out of favor any sooner, then good material has been wasted.

You can readily see what a demand this lays on the pattern of a dish which is intended—if it doesn't break—to become an heirloom. Nothing will do short of perfection. And to locate such perfection, when you buy your set of dishes, you have only a shopping tour. No wonder people get sick and tired of their dishes. But in the case of the future composition dish, the design need please only for a day, or rather for a meal. That gives both the designer and the purchaser more chance to breathe.

The compunctions some people will feel about "throwing good material away" are unnecessary. The material will be reclaimed. And anyway it is not material that stands at the center of the equation today, as it did in the craftsman's period in which Mr. Loos spoke, but energy. To explain this would require another column. Suffice it now merely to restate our principle of design for our own times: The design must remain pleasing not as long as the material holds together but as long as the utensil remains useful.

This is the minimum requirement. But in design there can be no rule against an overplus; its excellence comes free. The butterfly, too, lasts physically only for a day. Yet the beauty of the rock is not more lasting.

I have written about dishes, not quite wanting to say yet how parallel is the case of that great big piece of obsolete crockery, the brick house. DOUGLAS HASKELL

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT BRIFFAULT is a writer on philosophy and social anthropology. He is the author of "The Mothers" and, more recently, of "Breakdown: The Collapse of Traditional Civilisation."

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is research director of the Foreign Policy Association.

LOUIS LOZOWICK, painter and illustrator, is a contributing editor of the *New Masses*.

CLIFTON FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

HORACE GREGORY, author of "Chelsea Rooming House," will have a new volume of verse published in the fall by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

V. F. CALVERTON is editor of the *Modern Quarterly*.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is the author of "Cato, or the Future of Censorship."

WILLIAM MACDONALD contributes historical and political reviews to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED